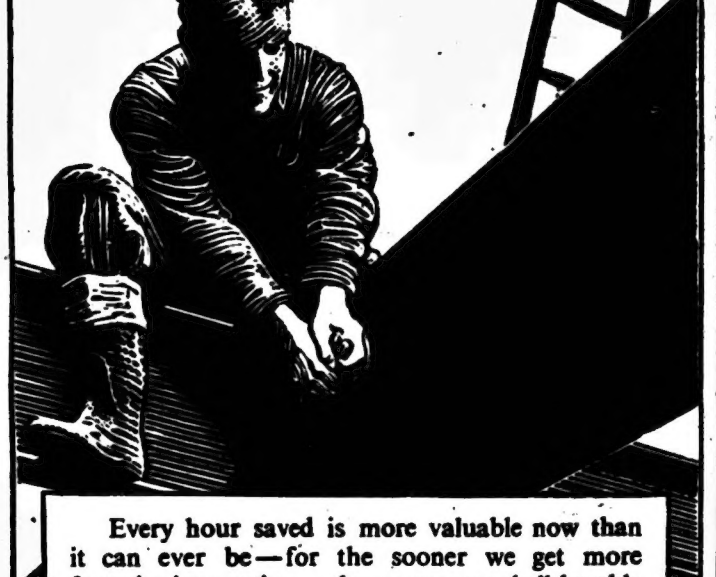
BUILDERS
YOURS IS A KEY JOB



Every hour saved is more valuable now than it can ever be—for the sooner we get more factories into action—the sooner we shall be able to produce more and more Planes, Tanks, Guns, Bombs and Shells.

Ministry of Works

Make up what he's missing with Mars!

These days, especially, children need lots of calories—the fuel element of food which must constantly be replaced. So thank goodness for Mars! There are 270 calories in every Mars Bar* that chunky chocolate-coated bar with its toothsome caramel layer and delicious malted centre. But supplies are limited. So be unselfish. Leave Mars for the youngsters.

★ Calories you get for 2½d. Eggs—42; Milk—212; Beef—121; Boiled Sweets—145; Mars—270.

Mars

grand food—grand flavour 2½d.

MEN OF COOL COURAGE . . .

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Courageous action demands coolness—and when time comes to slacken off, coolness is again the demand. No wonder *cool* Bondman fills the pipe for sheer contentment. Know it yourself—enjoy it to-day!

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND - - - - 1/5½ per oz.

IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1

NOW, AS ALWAYS, THE BEST VALUE ON THE MARKET

Still made from stocks of fine tobaccos carefully selected and stored in large quantities to ensure that the De Reszke standard of quality is maintained

20 FOR 1/1D

10 FOR 6½D

CORK-TIPPED AS WELL AS PLAIN

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

WINDOWS BRILLIANT 3 TIMES QUICKER

I SHAKE WINDOLENE ON TO A POROUS CLOTH...
SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE WINDOW - IT FORMS A WHITE FILM
LET IT DRY A MOMENT — GIVE A QUICK POLISH — AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

No water to splash carpets—no more hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes all grease and fly-marks—gives a lasting gloss. It's economical, too—the medium Windolene actually cleans over 200 square feet of glass! Get it from your grocer or ironmonger and use it on your windows, mirrors and picture glass.

Windolene

CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

BLUEBELL POLISH CO., LONDON, W.C.1 (RECKITT & SONS)

"White Lies"? They are teeth which are white in front but encrusted with tartar at the back. Tartar isn't just something which discolours the teeth, it can be the start of many dental troubles. Whatever you do don't let tartar go unchecked.

Use Solidox to get rid of tartar at the backs of your teeth. It's the only toothpaste containing Ricinoleate, the anti-tartar ingredient. Solidox prevents as well as removes tartar. It keeps your teeth as white at the back as they are at the front. It saves you from "white lies!"

1/3 and 7½d (including purchase tax)

PREVENTS 'WHITE LIES'

JOHN KNIGHT, LTD., LONDON, E.16 SOL 42-9-65

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 26, 1941,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

NOW THEY KNOW

● At last Germany is a battlefield. At last she is *in* the war as well as *at* war.

Ordinary Germans—not only their soldiers—now know what war means.

It is a new situation for the present generation of Europe's trouble-makers. It was unknown to their parents—and their grandparents.

From the West, great forces of the R.A.F. invade the Reich. Mr. Churchill has given a hint of the terrific loads they carry.

When darker nights come, they will sweep over all Germany. They will increase their attacks by day.

From the East, the Russian air force—"exterminated" by Dr. Goebbels almost as soon as Russia entered the war—has bombed the war centres of militaristic Prussia.

And on land Hitler's grey-clad robots hurriedly build defences against a British assault by sea.

A very different situation from that before the Battle of France was lost and the Battle of Britain won!

Gradually it should have a profound psychological effect on German workers, those dupes who were assured that not a bomb would ever fall on their homeland.

Perhaps it is already having an effect, for Dr. Goebbels' claims grow bigger and bigger in desperate exaggeration.

Let us produce the materials for even greater attacks!

Straight from the Shoulder

"ALL OUT" TO WIN

MR. CHURCHILL has not said the last word.

He hints again that the R.A.F. is our best weapon with which to smash the enemy.

One day he will be able to say that the R.A.F. has smashed the enemy's war industries into fragments.

He tells us that our own war production is not nearly so bad as critics have suggested.

There's a last word to be said on that subject, too. It can be said now:

War production is not nearly so good as it might be.

Going Up

Note that difference. Note what it implies.

As the R.A.F. onslaughts increase in range and weight, so the need for bombs and bombers will grow.

As they enable our land and sea forces to extend operations, so the need for tanks and guns, ships and shells will grow.

And we are not producing enough of them.

Muddling Along

We are not yet "all out" in our war effort. We are merely trying to "muddle through."

Is Mr. Churchill ignorant of this fact? The British workers are not.

Half-Time

Near London is an engineering firm engaged on war work—never mind what kind.

It is important work. But the operatives have nothing to do for two weeks out of four.

Waiting for Work

Near London, also, is an aircraft factory. Its operatives stand about for most of the time.

They would like to be workers. There is usually too little work for them to do.

Paid to Knit

That is true, also, of the clerical staff attached to many, many war factories.

A woman in the woodmill office of an aircraft factory is on duty from seven in the morning till 5.30 p.m. But she works for only two hours.

Tired of idleness, she asked permission to leave for real war work. She was refused permission.

She was merely asked why, if she had nothing to do, she didn't take her knitting to the office.

One of the Queue

It is still too hard for willing men and women to share the nation's war effort.

A month ago a Christchurch man finished a course in a Government training centre as a bench fitter.

He's been on the "dole" ever since And he's getting desperate.

Colour Bar

An Edinburgh medical student, Mr Ismail, volunteered for war work last January.

After fourteen weeks' training he passed out as an efficient precision fitter for aircraft work.

But he cannot get work. An official admits that employers are prejudiced against him.

You see, this British subject was born in Ceylon.

You Know

So it seems that the Mother Country is willing to accept large gifts of money from Ceylon but not the skilled hands of its people.

We could tell you many similar true stories

Indeed, we have published scores of cases of men who can't get into war jobs—and of people in war jobs who can't find work.

Three Reasons

Sometimes war work is held up by slackers—like those 1,020 builders who took a Saturday morning off from an urgent war job.

More often it is held up by bad management.

More often still, it is bottle-necked by lack of supplies.

Co-ordinate!

There is too little co-ordination.

There is pressing need for a single Ministry to plan our entire war production, to see that every branch of industry gets an even distribution of raw materials.

Most people are now convinced that our determined, courageous and adaptable workers could be employed even more effectively if given better co-ordination in Whitehall.

No Information Ministry

In how many branches of its war effort is Britain going "all out"?

Certainly not in propaganda. Certainly not in the release of news.

A new Minister of Information will not give us more information His lips will be sealed by the Fighting Services.

Dimwits

Propaganda is stifled by Foreign Office fogies, whose academic minds shrivelled up a quarter of a century ago.

Typical of their only ability—the ability to offend our allies and amuse our enemies—is the tawdry squabble with the B.B.C. about national anthems since Russia entered the war.

Protect These Targets

We are not even "all out" in the defence of our islands.

Since such critics as JOHN BULL sowed doubts in the Cabinet's complacency, our fighter aerodromes have strengthened their defences.

The Cabinet should now turn its attention to other vital centres. It should find out how far away from some of these military objectives are the available tanks and troops.

Weary Watchers

A.R.P. also needs overhaul.

The Prime Minister warns us to expect a renewal of raids on our cities.

Yet the firewatching scheme is languishing. We know that in many cities many watchers no longer bother to go on duty. Some have arrived drunk at arms factories.

Lax A.R.P.

We know that in some districts even wardens are becoming lax.

A depot superintendent has been dismissed for reporting that full-time A.R.P. workers have been taking hours off in order to earn extra money as labourers.

That superintendent should be promoted, not sacked.

Hanging Fire

In another town, A.R.P. men have been found to be doing odd jobs and driving a trades van for a local councillor.

In other posts, men report for duty hours late.

And the crop-watching scheme in many country districts is hanging fire, not safeguarding us against fire.

Ironside's Folly

Perhaps some of our people have been listening to the prattle of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside.

It was he who dared the Germans to "come on" just before France was overrun. Now he hints that victory may come sooner than we imagine.

Such men are dangerous. Because they may lead us to suppose that all we have to do is allow Russia to pull our chestnuts from the fire.

Hit Harder—Now

The Russians are fighting magnificently.

Their strategy is better than our experts expected. Their air force is better than the Germans expected and has delighted our mission in Moscow.

Their workers are making gigantic efforts.

And Britain must make gigantic efforts to help Russia and thus help ourselves. For if Russia is crippled—and she still may be—Britain's position will again be perilous.

We *must* go "all out" now—and keep it up.

Better and Better

We are doing well, certainly. But we cannot be proud of that fact so long as we know that we could be doing better.

The scheme to concentrate industry is going ahead.

In three months it has released 110,000 workers for war jobs. It has released scores of factories for war production.

Seize the Chance!

But peace time industry must be reduced still further.

We must restrict our expenditure, buy fewer goods. Thus we shall make available more factories and more labour for munition and aircraft works.

Above all, plant and labour in existing war factories must be utilised to the full. No more idle time! No more waiting for materials!

Hitler won't give us another chance.

(Continued overleaf)

TWO BRICK-DROPPERS

Week's booby prizes for loose talking go to Sir Ronald Cross, High Commissioner for Australia, and Col. J. W. Abraham, chairman of the Highgate Bench.

Sir Ronald said that the Russian system is "hated all over Britain." Let us hear no more of these undiplomatic Cross words! Let Sir Ronald be reminded that Russia is now our ally.

Col. Abraham told a young lieutenant that he "was a disgrace to the Guards"—because that young Guards officer had been hurriedly called to court from training exercises and appeared in training dress.

Let Col. Abraham be reminded that we are at war, and that there's no time in war to dress up in scarlet and gold.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

GERMAN prisoners get eggs, bacon and tomatoes for breakfast. Some wounded Tommies must wish they were as lucky.

Patients at Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, are serving soldiers and pensioners. Some served in both the present war and the last one; many have lost one or more limbs.

We have received very serious complaints about the food at this hospital. It is alleged that even the bread is often sour.

We are sure that prompt investigation will follow this note.

No Guns

And here's something for the attention of the Air Ministry:

A certain coastal town has been frequently bombed. It has no anti-aircraft guns.

Deputation of the townspeople has been told that it's impossible to supply every town with A.A. batteries.

Move Them Around!

We needn't dispute that fact. But we do suggest that mobile batteries, moved from town to town, might give raiders a surprise and hearten the public.

We remember how, when the bombing of London became serious, Mr. Churchill ordered destroyers up the Thames and rushed every available gun to the city's outskirts.

No Whitewash

Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, is now sifting hundreds of reports on rent profiteers.

Inspired suggestions are being put out that the position is not really serious. It looks as though preparations are being made to enable Mr. Brown to say that no further action is necessary.

If so, we shall have something to say to Mr. Brown.

Big Squeeze

Big firms in the wholesale markets are deliberately squeezing out the little shopkeepers.

Small greengrocer, wanting to buy new potatoes, was told he must also buy peas at 12s. 6d. a bag. But bigger buyers could get peas at 7s. 6d. a bag.

That's typical of many cases brought to our notice. Obviously, the Ministry of Food should have powers to protect the small-shop tradesman.

Whiskers

More news of the artful dodgers who are taking to the roads to avoid Army or other service.

South Wales Joint Vagrancy Committee officials report that young men are growing beards to disguise their age and sleeping in casual wards.

Many other local authorities make the same report.

Marching Them Off

The police in some districts are tightening the net.

Special officers are forming Anti-Dodger Squads. They ask young men who look suspicious for their N.S.2 cards—cards they get when they register.

If they are not forthcoming inquiries are made. In this way the Services have already got hold of some raw material that might be moulded into something useful—or might not!

On the Scrap-Heap

Military Service Department might be interested to know that a Smithfield meat firm has sacked a man after forty-six years' employment. Reason: Reduction of labour.

But the firm keeps on young men—and thus keeps them out of the Army.

This dodge mustn't be allowed to spread.

Long Wait

On the other hand, men who want to get into uniform cannot do so.

Youth who volunteered for the R.A.F. was passed in April, but is still waiting disconsolately at home on "deferred service."

Can you imagine volunteers for the *Luftwaffe* having to wait months for their call-up? We can't.

He's Wasted

Perhaps the R.A.F. doesn't know what to do with the men already in uniform. For one experienced builder, now an aircraftman, has less than an hour's duty a day.

And the country is in urgent need of builders!

Hasty Words

Woman speaker who attacked Coventry workers for slacking and absenteeism should first have had a chat with some of those workers.

They would have told her that they are often on short time. They have applied for transfer to busier firms—and have been rebuffed.

Their wages are low. Conditions are bad. Night workers are expected to shelter, when danger is imminent, in damp, wooden sheds.

Scanty Dresses

The speaker criticised the girls for wearing too many clothes. They laughed. Because in hot weather they had been rebuked by the management for arriving in "scanty" dresses.

The name of that speaker? Maggie Bondfield.

Idle—by Order

London ex-fireman, discharged after an injury to his foot, can't train to help the war effort because the Ministry of Labour refuses to give him a medical grade.

Only men in grades 3 and 4 are eligible for Government training. This ex-fireman has been told to apply again in August.

Fire Brigades Union leader, John Horner, is pressing for a proper scheme for such victims. Good for him!

Soldiers in Debt

Army pay deductions is a subject that brings us shoals of letters. Apparently the official regulations are not generally known.

If a soldier is in debt through no fault of his own—if, say, he has accepted overpayment in good faith—his pay can be reduced providing he is left with 1s. a day.

If he is in debt because of his own misconduct or loss of equipment, he must be left with a minimum of 7d. a day.

If, making an allotment to dependants, he falls into debt through no fault of his own, he must be left with 6d. a day.

Wounded in Action

One other important point: A soldier wounded in action, and holding paid acting or temporary commissioned or non-commissioned rank, retains that paid rank for a period not exceeding three months.

Meanest Means Test

One soldier's mother is a frail woman of seventy-two, recently bombed out. She has been drawing old age pension and 21s. 6d. a week—which includes her son's allotment—from the Army.

Means Test snooper heard that the soldier received 21s. 6d. a week from his old firm. Result: his mother's Army allowance has been stopped.

We imagine no one will quarrel with our view that this sort of meanness is a disgraceful injustice.

Robbing the Blind

Here's another:

Because a blind London man receives more than £26 5s. a year—he actually has an allowance worth £26 6s. 6d. a year—his blind pension has been reduced from 10s. to 8s. a week.

It's in accordance with regulations—but what a bitter farce!

Human Hawks

Inspectors are also using a lot of petrol (and car allowances) to discover old age pensioners who have gone out to work. If so, supplementary pensions are reduced, rightly enough.

But suspicions are aroused if an old man is merely taking a walk when the inspector calls.

And sometimes the supplementary pension is stopped in consequence while inquiries are being made.

Parents, N.B.

More children die from diphtheria than from all the road and rail accidents. In Birmingham, more youngsters have been killed by the disease in the last six months than in the whole of last year.

Yet most parents are still ignoring the simple method of immunisation available. It leaves no scar, no ill-effects, and can be carried out at any welfare centre.

So, if diphtheria increases as rapidly as it threatens to do, we must blame more than half the parents in the country.

A.R.P. Scandal

Order has been given that boots of a Yorkshire warden who recently died from erysipelas—that highly contagious skin disease—must be worn by other wardens without sterilisation.

Maybe the West Riding A.R.P. chiefs are ignorant of this instruction. We hope so.

But they can hardly fail to know that a verminous house was converted into a report centre—at a cost of £500—and then abandoned.

The Optimists

The L.C.C. evidently knows better than the Prime Minister. Or thinks it does.

Despite the prospect of renewed air raids, it plans to resume its evening institutes in September.

Better continue last session's scheme of Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning classes.

Tribute

The rest of the world has no doubt that raids will be resumed.

Foreign and Dominion friends are sending donations to the Lord Mayor of London's National Air Raid Distress Fund. One man in Portuguese East Africa gives 20s. and his best wishes in "this bitterly and hard-fought battle for freedom."

Can you help, too? You know the address: Mansion House, London.

Behind the News

● **Key to creaking in the Nazi Party is Himmler, who has always been at pains to hold Hitler's confidence and secure succession after the Fuehrer.**

● *Specially fearing him are Ribbentrop and Goebbels, for in his dossiers are their secret records.*

● But Himmler has other enemies. Goering's agents hold key positions in his organisation. Three important Gestapo leaders were found dead last April, but diplomatic whispers insist wrong men were killed.

● **Nazi anxiety about Russian resistance is shown by sales by Nazi leaders of estates near Soviet frontier "for a song." Ribbentrop, in addition, has put up his French champagne interests for sale in Switzerland.**

● *Admiral Raeder has been placed on the next purge list. Huge shipping losses, plus failure to win the Battle of the Atlantic by June, as guaranteed by him to Hitler, are the reasons.*

● Another secret fear of Nazi High Command has been exposed by Russian resistance. Nazi generals have separated all officers of former royal families of various States, to prevent a monarchist and anti-Hitler movement.

● **Hitler has told Mussolini that he wants to hear nothing more about Italian rights or claims. If the Fascists fail to obey Nazi orders, Mussolini will be liquidated.**

● *America is cleaning up the big Japanese Fifth Column in the Pacific. Most of the U.S.A. strategic islands in this region were used by thousands of Japanese fishermen, who included expert spies and saboteurs.*

● Britain will profit from this American action. Many Nazi sea raiders have been fitted out in Japan, were supplied from Japanese fishing craft, which took food and fuel to prearranged places of rendezvous.

● **Destruction by British bombers of stations, factories, goods yards and warehouses throughout the Ruhr and more particularly in Dusseldorf, Cologne, Hamburg and Bremen, is crippling transport in this area.**

● *Kiel Canal has also been so badly battered as to necessitate continual dredging and blasting operations. Damage is so extensive that even Nazi censorship cannot keep it secret. Privileged refugees from Western Germany carry the story in whispers to occupied France, and the whispers are soon amplified.*

● Reports of this damage reaching Italy increase fear of British air raids, which people have been warned to expect. Anti-Fascists are secretly exploiting this apprehension with view to foment opposition to Mussolini.

CHECK-UP ON HOME FRONT

WHATEVER some people may think, Mr. Winston Churchill has warned the country that Russia cannot win the war for us. Our supreme testing time is yet to come.

The warning is necessary. In this page three weeks ago JOHN BULL said that we could count with reasonable confidence upon "two priceless months" of opportunity.

The lull in enemy air attacks *may* last longer than that. It cannot last indefinitely. We are bombing the Nazis with ever-increasing intensity, and the Premier bids us prepare for their "violent counter-action."

THIS IS A CALL TO STAND TO ARMS, NOT TO STAND EASY. ARE WE PREPARING FAST ENOUGH AND THOROUGHLY ENOUGH? THE PRECIOUS HOURS ARE PASSING.

Parliament has debated the problems of civil defence in secret session. We shall not be told its conclusions and cannot guess them.

All we know at present is that Mr. Churchill has asked the Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, the Minister of Health and others to make ready "for the same ordeal as last year, only rather worse."

And that he is assured everything is being done in accordance with these directions.

We imagine the Premier can be assured only by his Ministers, and we should like to know who assures them. For there is no one man with final authority in these matters, and JOHN BULL was not impressed by Mr. Morrison's defence of the existing system.

LAST YEAR THERE WERE TRAGIC BREAKDOWNS IN THE MACHINERY OF CIVIL DEFENCE. THE WORKERS WERE MAGNIFICENT, BUT THE PLANS WERE POOR.

We know that since then enormous improvements have been effected. Public shelters have been strengthened, heated and lighted. Sanitation, catering and entertainment have been studied.

But not everywhere. Nobody can tell where the enemy will strike first. We need to be prepared for him at all costs.

Every local authority should see instantly to the perfection of its own organisation, and the various Ministers concerned should assure themselves personally that no precautions have been neglected.

If fire-watching could be taken as the measure of national preparedness in other directions—which, happily, it cannot—our position would be a sorry one.

For in many districts fire-watching is little short of a farce. There is just time to reorganise it. If the time is wasted, the farce may have a tragic ending.

In the recent debate on production, the statement was made that war industry is not 100 per cent. efficient. This was such cold comfort that the Premier intends to look into the whole position and make a statement on it in open session.

JOHN BULL is not content with anything below the utmost efficiency in any direction.

APART FROM THE CERTAINTY OF RENEWED ENEMY AIR ATTACK, WE REALISE THAT THE RISK OF A GERMAN INVASION REMAINS REAL AND DEADLY.

There are roughly one-and-three-quarter millions of men in the Home Guard enrolled to meet this menace. They are volunteers not subject to military discipline. Many of them are veterans of the last war; most of them are giving splendid service.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

But we *know* that the standard of efficiency and equipment in the Home Guard varies enormously with different districts. In some, both are deplorable.

Captain Margesson, Minister of War, promises that *soon* quantities of new weapons will be in the hands of the Home Guard. He refers particularly to anti-tank weapons, and these cannot be supplied too soon.

But there are some H.G. units which are still short of rifles, let alone tommy-guns and sticky bombs! We hear occasional complaints from men who are still waiting for their uniforms!

More serious than these admittedly local shortages of equipment are the much more general complaints which reach us from many sources of "slacking off" among officers and men.

One correspondent with a year's service has been on duty at an observation post three times within recent weeks entirely alone.

HAD PARACHUTE TROOPS LANDED, HIS TASK WOULD HAVE BEEN TO "FILL IN AN ARMY FORM, HOLD THE POST, HARASS THE ENEMY, AND GO FOR HELP TO TWO OR THREE PLACES ALL AT THE SAME TIME"!

The orderly officer supposed to go the rounds did not turn up until this lone watcher's relief was overdue. In this unit there is one officer or N.C.O. to every two men, and there is seldom more than half the strength on parade.

This may be an extreme case, but, whereas we receive from certain areas evidence of keen work and grand co-operation between officers and men, from others reports reach us of waning enthusiasm, poor discipline and plain shirking of duty.

It is not easy for any large body of volunteers to remain at concert pitch through months of seeming security. But anybody who thinks this is developing into an easy war is a fool.

Let those whom the cap fits wear it, for the Home Guard forms a vital part of the national defences.

SHORTAGE of man-power is still one of our principal problems, and in this connection we draw attention to the fact that some 60,000 conscientious objectors have registered in this country.

OUT OF THIS CONSIDERABLE TOTAL THERE ARE NO FEWER THAN 15,000 STILL WAITING TO HAVE THEIR CLAIMS HEARD BY THE TRIBUNALS!

At least as many again have been registered for civil or agricultural duties. We should like to know how many of these latter are, in fact, doing the important national work for which they have secured exemption.

It is one thing to be registered and another to start on the job. We address no reproach to honest conscientious objectors. Many of them are brave men. At least 250 have volunteered for bomb-disposal work.

But the times are such that we cannot afford to allow any citizen to evade his due responsibilities. All passed fit for service must work or fight as the law decides.

Unfortunately, there are many medical boards still wasting man-power by passing sick men fit for service. JOHN BULL has exposed this scandal again and again, but the "body snatchers" seem undeterred.

We know of men suffering from duodenal ulcers who have been discharged from the Army because they could not possibly stand up to normal Army duties. But some of the civilian medical boards are still compelling sufferers of this kind to join the Colours.

More than that: the civil medical "Blimps," who seem to think that they are scoring points with every man they enrol for combatant service, have been sending and still are sending to the Colours tubercular suspects with a shocking medical history.

THIS IS WORSE THAN A WASTAGE OF THE INDIVIDUAL MAN CONCERNED; IT IS A THREAT TO THE HEALTH OF THE UNIT WHICH HE JOINS.

Preparedness and efficency are indivisible. We should like to see the doctors who do not recognise this obvious fact removed from the boards upon which they are not fit to sit.

Woman-power is more than ever needed in industry to make good the loss of man-power to the Services. But conscription is not enough to meet this need.

During this period of comparative quiet efforts should be made to recruit the voluntary labour of all fit women not already engaged in indispensable work.

THEN the health and well-being of our workers, men and women alike, need safeguarding.

It is of vital importance and should be protected now while opportunity still offers.

The Government recognises this in so far as the munition factories are concerned. It insists upon rest-rooms and canteens.

But we know of many cases where no such facilities are provided for women workers actually in Government employ. We know that some of these women are finding it impossible, owing to long hours and long distance from the nearest restaurant, to carry on with their work and still keep properly nourished.

This is a scandal which should be investigated and ended without delay. For the Government cannot hope to enforce its precepts to industry without setting a good example.

The time for making our final preparations is short. But the morale of the people is magnificent, and all that the country needs in order to withstand the coming test is resolute leadership and intelligent planning.

We are entitled to expect both.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Open to All

The heritage of man is to be a thinking and a reasoning being. It is his birthright, his inalienable right, his proudest claim to be, if a little lower than the angels, at least a little higher than the beast.

The ability to think and to reason is the key to the full enjoyment and the rich development of life. There is no other key—we must use that one, or remain shut away from life's best treasures.

The thoughts that inspired the great thinkers through the Ages can become your thoughts—if you like.

The truths that fired the great reformers and the great leaders of men can become your truths—if you will.

You are kin to all the greatest spirits who have ever striven to lift mankind from the mud and lead him to the stars. All you have to do is to claim relationship. Isn't that worth while?

Of course there's a slight *quid pro quo*. You can't get something for nothing in this world!

But it's not much. It's not hard. It's not impossible. All you have to do is to use your brains instead of letting them rot and rust. That's not much to ask.

For the minute you do, you can say with Emerson:

I am the owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

OPEN LETTERS

Admiral Sir PERCY NOBLE, Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches

DEAR ADMIRAL,—It's always pleasant to say, "I told you so." Sometimes it's even pleasant for the listener.

When you were posted to the Battle of the Atlantic I predicted that you'd put the U-boats down. And you have—quite a lot of them.

During the past few weeks you have had a particularly successful hunt, Mr. A. V. Alexander reports.

When the facts can be revealed, Britain will be surprised at the terrific losses of the Nazis' steel sharks.

Meanwhile, Britain can at least congratulate and thank you.

Not only are you using very large forces to track the enemy. You are using ingenious new methods.

I am sure you would wish tribute to be paid also to the patient patrols of the R.A.F.'s Coastal Command.

Above all, I'm sure you would wish the public to realise the need for still greater production of ships.

The battle is not yet won. Our losses are still serious, even though last month they were the lowest since January. We need more ships—urgently.

It's only fair to the fine men you command that we on land should not "ease up" until the last U-boat has gone down to stay with Davy Jones.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. GEORGE NAYLOR, St. Andrew's, Wimbledon

DEAR VICAR,—"Russia is a monster gorged, dripping and slavering with the blood of massacre," you cry. You liken it also to a bad criminal allowed to turn King's Evidence to save his skin.

While thousands of brave Russians are dying in order to help defeat our common enemy, decency demands that you should curb your hot, hasty and hysterical tongue.—JOHN BULL.

Major C. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—Months ago 1,000 bags of grain were stored in a Scottish building, which was then sealed. Now the place is overrun with mice.

Government officials have inspected the filthy mess. But nothing has been done to salvage the grain that has so far escaped damage.

Can't you kick someone into action?—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR AND COUNCILLORS, Morecambe, Lancashire

DEAR SIRS,—Though plenty of milk is available just now, you won't have anything to do with the school milk scheme. So Morecambe's children are robbed of their right.

Let me know if you intend to heed the Government's reprimand. I'm interested in social disgraces.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN GILBERT WINANT, U.S. Ambassador to Britain

DEAR SIR,—For the shyest man that ever crossed the Atlantic, you seem more at ease with cheering crowds than could have been expected.

I'm glad you're being cheered. And I hope you realise that the cheers express appreciation not only of your country's magnificent aid to Britain, but of the fine statesman Uncle Sam has sent to London.

May you remain when the war is over and our two countries co-operate in peaceful reconstruction!—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL, Bury

GENTLEMEN,—There are food queues in your town. There are many men whose wives are being transferred to war work many miles outside the town.

So there is an immediate need for British restaurants. But you refuse to establish them.

Just being pigheaded, eh?—JOHN BULL.

TRADES COUNCIL, Southend-on-Sea

SIRS,—My best wishes are yours in the fight you are putting up for the local A.F.S. man "fired" because he had been ill for more than thirteen weeks, a wicked regulation which I have often attacked.

Illness, in his case, is nothing less than bad injuries received in dangerous demolition work. And for this he has been thrown on the scrap-heap.

Your campaign for one man may yet result in giving justice to thousands.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD LEATHERS, Minister of Shipping

MY LORD,—Shipping companies and agents have accepted substantial deposits from thousands of people who want to get abroad but don't stand a dog's chance while the war is on.

Some have difficulty in getting their money back. Others receive it less a substantial "cancellation" charge. Many of these deposits should never have been accepted at all, for shipping companies know quite well the sea-travel difficulties of the moment.

Passenger transport, and charges, should be as rigidly controlled as goods traffic in war time.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD BEAVERBROOK, Minister of Supply

MY LORD,—One of your officials is shortsighted. He orders that supplies needed for war production should be obtained only from firms that actually have those supplies in stock.

Laudable object is to eliminate middlemen. But the result may be chaos.

A war factory may be threatened with a hold-up unless it quickly lays hand on a particular tool. Hitherto, the management could get it quickly just by ringing up a distributor who knows exactly where that tool can be found. In future, the management might waste days in approaching dozens of manufacturers in the hope of obtaining it.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. A. RATCLIFFE, J.P., Hedge End Parish Council, Hampshire

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—You won't allow a Sunday cricket match arranged by the Home Guard. You fear it would debauch the village youngsters—"Sunday sport might be a first step to a degenerate life."

Piffle! Keep youngsters idle and bored, and you'll tempt them into trouble.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Anthony EDEN, M.P., Foreign Secretary

DEAR SIR,—Little Dr. Goebbels is worried. Russian radio is shouting down the German stations with the most forceful propaganda ever heard on the air.

I suppose your fatuous, feeble fossils who "guide" the B.B.C.'s foreign broadcasts are too supercilious to learn from Russian methods. A pity!—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR, Rotherham, Yorkshire

YOUR WORSHIP,—A woman with a young baby lives with her husband in rooms that have no cooking facilities. She has to walk three miles to wash any clothes, for the landlord denies her the use of the kitchen.

Her health is suffering. Corporation houses are empty, but she cannot get one, as they are being kept in case people are rendered homeless by bombing.

Come, now! Let her have a house on condition that she will temporarily accommodate a homeless couple should it be necessary.—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR OF RECRUITING, Royal Navy

DEAR SIR,—Is the Army poaching on your preserves?

I ask because a merchant seaman reader, wishing to join the Navy, has been collared by the Army instead. He tells me that a hundred other seamen have been similarly treated, including an ex-Navy man with twelve years' service.

A waste of experience, you'll agree.—JOHN BULL.

Beer—and War-time Skittles

IT was a Sunday night in the summer of this year of crisis, 1941. The pub was crowded. Men and women, youths and girls, officers and privates, jostled and swayed four deep.

The overworked staff tried in vain to cope with the flood of orders. There was a shortage of glasses. There was a shortage of whisky. There was no bottled beer. There was draught beer in plenty.

The din was horrible. The giggles of the girls with their small ports, the constant calls of the thirsty demanding beer, the bursts of laughter, the billows of talk that rose on waves of sound from each knot of people seated at tables, was final proof of the fact that the British are the silliest drinkers in the world.

* * *

Discomfort, noise, the constant contact with strange bodies, the desire to get in another "quick one" before closing time, the smoke of cigarettes and pipes, the unhappy scurryings of the barmaids contrasted strangely with the serene, cloud-flecked skies outside where the sun was setting in a blaze of rose and gold.

Outside, too, was another strange contrast—the long lines of shining cars which had transported many of the thirsty souls.

I have nothing against either thirst or beer. A thirst can be a noble thing, especially when it is engendered by a round of golf or a spell of hard work in the garden.

As for beer, I can claim to write with some authority. For I have

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

sampled the brews of France, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Germany.

In Munich in the *Hofbrauhaus* I sat beneath a thirty-feet long painting of Hitler and quaffed litres of the famous lager.

In that pub, which could—and most nights did—seat 8,000 guzzling German beer swillers, one could study the job of beer drinking on a gargantuan scale. Parts of the floor were literally awash with beer.

But for real appreciation of beer you should go North and see the men at the puddling furnaces swig a can of ale. Perhaps to-day you wouldn't see it, but in the days of my youth the beer carriers in the iron and steel plants had a busy time all the year round.

From the Surrey hotel with its crowded bars to the steel furnaces of the North is a far cry. At first it might seem wrong that so many people should spend so much leisure time and so much money quenching their summer thirsts.

Yet it is unwise to sit in judgment. The man yelling for a pint on Sunday night may be slaving seventy-two hours a week in a factory.

A spot of relaxation is essential.

* * *

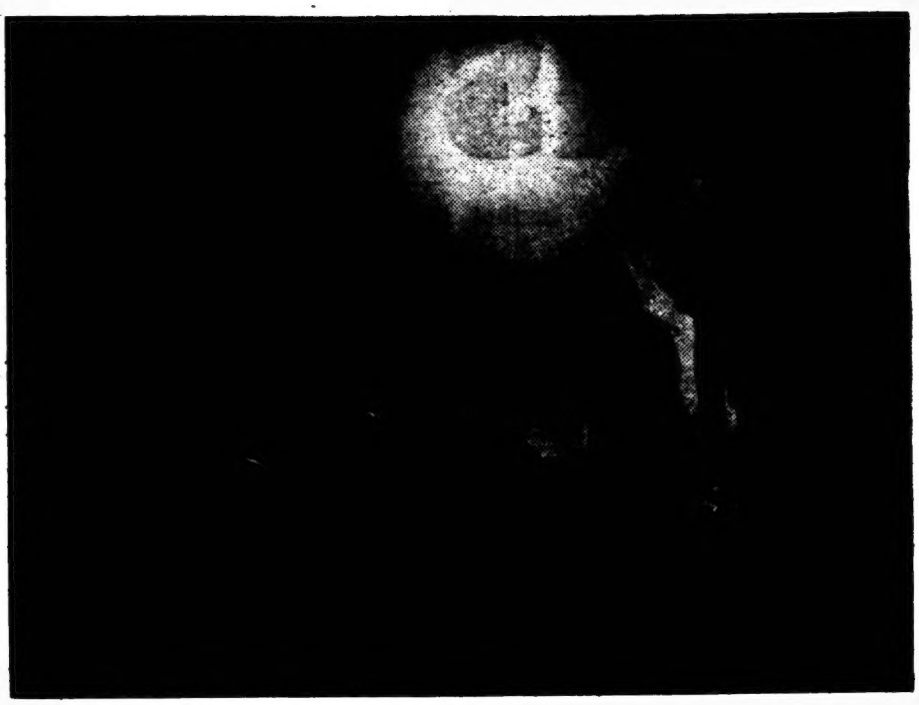
Beer is still the drink of England. The beer, maybe, is not so good as it was; and, because of increased consumption, there are shortages here and there.

We've got to put up with those inconveniences and think ourselves fortunate that we can still get beer.

But I cannot help thinking that cars, beer and crowded pubs are a curious combination in times of war, reflecting the peculiar mentality of the English when all they hold dear is at stake.

I Attack a Hun in the Moon

★ Here's a thrilling first-hand story by a young night fighter that will show you why German raiders, as Mr. Churchill declared, no longer relish their trips to our shores.



"Next man up," yells a voice. Scuffle of feet . . . Robinson with his gunner and groundsmen is off to his machine

"HALLO, XYZ. There's a Hun in your vicinity, crossing coast at X point, going north. . ."

That's stirring music in my night fighter's ear as it comes through my earphones over the radio-telephone from ground Control.

Control asks for my position, direction, speed—gives me a course as you'd call it.

Eager to intercept, my gunner and I await the next message. Here it comes: "Hun's height 12,000. You are now ten miles behind. Steer 33 zero. Go flat out."

In the thrill of the moment we breathe our oxygen a little faster. We night fighters use oxygen from the time we leave the ground. It sharpens the senses. It saves us from forgetting to fix our mask should suddenly a surprise chase take us into altitudes where we need oxygen.

The moon favours us. The Hun is between us and its silvery radiance.

If—and If—and If

If we don't overshoot the mark we shall get him silhouetted against the bright horizon; if Control's devices successfully detect all his evasive tactics; if I am flying dead accurate by my instruments. . . .

The *ifs* of this superbly organised yet magical moon game give me a sweat-bath. If any one of many factors goes wrong, we shall lose him!

Interminable seconds. Eye-strain watching the luminous paint of my instruments in an unlit cabin. Eye-strain tensely scouring that grey mass of horizon for that first glimpse of a tiny blurred object like a blackened match-stick floating in space.

Control calling: "Ten degs. left, and he should be right in front of you, about 3,000 yards away."

Ten degs. left it is—black Beaufighter creeping up after black bomber.

Any second now, it's him or us. We must get in our crack first, into his "blind spot." The odds are on us. We're hunting him harder than he is looking for us.

Steady, steady . . . aren't we shooting past? Slow up a bit. Must keep him between us and the moon horizon. Not so easy to get a "visual" of him. His kite is matt black, no chance of a moon-beam giving us a line on that.

Then—faint black smudge! Bit darker than that mass of grey. Now a little bigger, a little blacker. Couldn't have seen it a hundred yards off on a bad night. But visibility's good. Must be nearly a mile away. . . .

When We Whisper

"Yes, that's the ——," I say over the inter-com. to the gunner in a grim whisper. Strange, how we often whisper when creeping up, as if Jerry could hear!

"Bit closer . . . JU87 . . now, let it go!"

Thumb on the release button.

Crack of several guns from our sturdy kite seems for a moment to threaten to shake it to bits.

Tongue of flame squirts from the belly of the JU. . . Appears to break in two. No time for baling out. Our guns are good. One burst right home and down he goes. No using up all your ammunition.

We've an anxious moment as splinters of debris whizz past as I go into a dive to see the flaming mass down. He'll hit the hay, I reckon, not far from our station, so there won't be much proof needed about that one.

We're thrilled all right. Another "kill" apiece to us. Night fighter pilot and gunner share honours alike. We're the two-man team, the closest team in the R.A.F. Each of us is half the other, working for that split-second when the show goes click.

Take it from me that 95 per cent. of our night stuff is team work, and that also goes for all those engaged in ground control who put us on to the mark.

Sticking Together

We inseparables of the Beaufighters and Defiants don't chop and change about, but stick together and get to know each other inside out.

Mutual admiration of pilot for gunner and gunner for pilot is only equalled by the way we rag each other. "What the heck d'you think you're doing—hurdling?" is all I get from my gunner when I make a fair landing along the flare-path after that shoot-up!

Night landing isn't an enviable part of our job, especially when we know everybody who may be on the field, from the station commander downwards, is keen enough to watch us in—with appropriate comment.

The boys outside the duty, or dispersal, hut give us a thundering "good show" cheer. We'd been "upstairs" two and a half hours. Feel pretty hot and sticky. But without waiting to wipe off our "warpaint" we report to Intelligence, then to mess for a sausage, toast and potatoes, washed down with a lemon and barley.

Soft drinks are a measure of R.A.F. morale, which never stood higher than now. Beer or whisky is an indulgence when a man's a trifle shaken up. But "no alcohol" before going on duty is an unwritten law.

Alcohol tends to give you over-confidence. It doesn't assist in that dead accurate flying, without which all Control's instructions won't get you to the right spot.

At one a.m. the day's heat-wave still lingers. We wander along to the duty hut to get a breath of fresh air and talk over the "kill."

Some artist should immortalise in paint such a scene, familiar enough to us, but unique in history.

Relaxing outside the hut squat a mixed score or more of pilots and gunners, maintenance staff and other personnel, on deck-chairs, straight-backs and hard forms.

Most of us wear nothing more than trousers. Browned, perspiring bodies glisten in moonlight that etches faces faintly into recognition. Readiness, but no pent-up nerves here.

We talk the inevitable "shop." We talk politics, without being party-political—it seems a long, long way back to those days when these things were represented by different coloured rosettes.

We discuss the mysteries of tobacco shortage and commodity profiteers, and whether our night courage is up to the standard of the blitz bravery of those Little Men of the offices and Little Women of the homes in the bombed towns, whom it is our job to protect.

We agree that whatever else this war has shown, it has proved these average folk are heroes.

Alone among us in our chattering throng, the duty pilots and gunners are in uniform. Hot and collarless, they wear as a sort of lucky charm mufflers of whitish silk stripped from a torn and useless parachute that safely brought one of our number down. . .

"Next man up! . . . Robinson!" yells a voice from inside the hut, where the nearest man to the telephone has taken a message from Control, then glanced at the pilot's name on the first slip of paper in the programme rack.

Scuffle of feet. "Next man up" is enough. Robinson needs no naming. He knows well enough his turn is next, and with his gunner and groundsmen is off to his machine.

We've only one worry at times when, though the day-sweep boys are having the thrill of their lives, Jerry's night visitations are few and far between. That's to avoid getting "browned off," which is night-fighter-ese for sitting around and getting bored.

The stage beyond browning is getting "brassed off," so that we welcome a "visual," let alone a "kill," and it's not aces who deserve the cheers so much as those who don't get the luck.

One of the Luckless

Let me introduce you to one of the luckless—a sergeant. He hails all the way from West Point, Mississippi. Still an American citizen, he served in the South Seas for two years with the U.S. Army Air Force, was afterwards posted to the Reserve, and returned to his home town to resume his civilian job as a casket salesman.

When the Hun invaded the Low Countries he made a bee-line for Canada and on June 6, 1940, joined the R.A.F. under the Empire Air Training Scheme.

Some months ago he was posted to our station as a gunner in a Defiant squadron, and night after night he has been up straining his eyes to "sell" a casket (coffin over here) to a Jerry, but has never yet seen one! The break we lucky ones get from "browning" and "brassing" is paradise by comparison.

The sergeant is one of six long-distance comers in his squadron. With him are three New Zealanders, a French Canadian, and a Canadian.

Their squadron was the first day and first night Defiant squadron. Its total score is 96 confirmed and many more probables, with 13 as the top individual score. Its members hold eight D.F.Cs, and eight D.F.Ms, two with bars. It shot down 37 of the enemy in a day over Dunkirk, a one-day record for any squadron during the war.

Next to "browning" the night fighter's chief problem is sleep. We can't readily change the habit, even of our young lifetimes.

Yet sleep is essential to ensure perfect health, and any lack of it must be compensated for by artificial aids. That is why we are given night flying pills containing vitamins A and D.

Helping Us to See

They help, like oxygen, to tone up the system and liven up the senses, including that of sight, and we do feel they help us to see better, though whether this feeling is merely psychological or not I can't say.

People laugh at the idea of the vitamins in carrots helping night-sight, but tell them from me "there's something in it."

The "cat's eyes" and dark-glasses ideas are different. It takes a night fighter several minutes to intercept his prey if he happens to have to start from a lighted room on the ground, and by that time his eyes have adjusted themselves to the darkness.

We boys feel we have learned to see a long way farther than the Hun, but there are more things than night-sight in the heavens of our "Black Magic"!

A READER WRITES: "Many thanks for your reply to my enquiry. Your Free Advice Service alone makes it worth while being a regular reader of JOHN BULL."

We receive many letters like this, and would reiterate our satisfaction at being able to serve our readers. If you want information on any matter, drop us a line. There is a fully qualified staff to deal with all your problems.

It is no trouble to us, so long as we can satisfy you. A recent reply to a reader comprised only two lines of typewriting, but it took one and a half hours of research to ascertain the information requested. But it is our pleasure to be helpful and the service offered is *absolutely free*.

Write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A stamped addressed envelope is all you need send with your enquiry.

JULY 26, 1941

OMENS OF VICTOR

IF it is suggested that the title of this article is unduly sanguine, I ask you to compare two pictures. The first is that of the scene a year ago.

We are on the eve of the anniversary of the Battle of Britain. No need to dwell on the agonies of that time. They are scorched in our minds for ever.

Hitler's blitzkrieg was at its climax. It had swept through Western Europe from the Arctic to the Bay of Biscay like a tornado.

NOTHING STOOD BETWEEN GERMANY AND THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD BUT THE CAPACITY OF THIS ISLAND TO WITHSTAND THE SHOCK THAT WE AWAITED.

To the outside world it seemed that all was over. Even to ourselves it was touch-and-go.

The miracle of Dunkirk had saved our army by a hair's breadth. But it was an army in chaos, an army stripped of its arms.

Across the Straits of Dover loomed an air power that we knew to be overwhelmingly greater than that which we could oppose to it.

And we were alone. Our ally France, corrupted within and betrayed by crooks, had collapsed like a house of cards. Stalin, anxious that the fury should burst first in the west rather than the east, had made terms with Hitler.

By A. G. GARDINER

The wretched jackal, Mussolini, confident that we were doomed, rushed in to share in the loot of the British Empire.

In the same belief Japan joined the Axis and threatened our whole existence in Asia and the Pacific.

Finally, the United States, plunged in a Presidential election, had given us up for lost. It was in the tepid "cash-and-carry" phase of its help for Britain, and was chiefly concerned with the question whether the British Navy could hold the Atlantic long enough to enable America to arm before the storm burst there.

Yes, we were alone. Never in our history so much alone. Never in our history in such dire peril.

That was the scene a year ago. How that scene was transfigured by the Battle of Britain we know.

Turn to the other picture—the scene to-day.

In the interval Hitler has had many spectacular triumphs. He has completed his conquest of the Continent of Europe.

From the Straits of Dover to the Black Sea his sway is unchallenged. Italy has become his wash-pot, and the Balkans have been mopped up in one torrential drive.

He occupies the littoral of the Mediterranean from Genoa to the Ægean.

Apart from Switzerland, the Peninsula, and Sweden, which are still allowed the shadow of freedom, the swastika is universal and Hitler's word is law.

His quislings are in possession, the legitimate governments have fled, and the peoples are enslaved. The loot and the labour of a score of nations have fallen into his grasp, and the rule of his Gestapo is the only semblance of law left in Europe.

It is, superficially, an astonishing record of success. In fact, it is the measure of his failure.

He had one thing to do and he has not done it. In spite of all his conquests, he is farther from doing it to-day than he was when he unleashed his lightnings against this country last August.

The thing he had to do was, not to enlarge his prison, but to batter his way out of it.

He was, and is, imprisoned by sea-power, and Britain is his jailer. He must overthrow his jailer or lose the war.

He could not meet sea-power with sea-power. But he believed that by the secret accumulation of overwhelming air-power he could neutralise our Navy, knock out his jailer with one terrific blow, and escape from his prison by way of the sky.

That was the gamble that was knocked on the head in the Battle of Britain. That battle did two things. It shattered the legend of Hitler's invincibility, and it foreshadowed our supremacy in the air.

That foreshadowing is now nearing fulfilment. To our supremacy on the sea we are adding supremacy in the air.

Everything that Hitler has done since last autumn has been done in a feverish anxiety to retrieve his defeat in the Battle of Britain.

He burned our cities in the vain hope that he would break our nerve. He has lunged like a mad bull at the extremities of his prison to find a way of escape.

He plunged into Libya to redeem the mess which Mussolini had made of the attack on the Suez.

He swung over to the Middle East to rescue the jackal from the other mess he had made in Greece, and to see if he could batter his way into Asia.

HE HAD SPECTACULAR SUCCESSES, BUT THEY DID NOT BREAK HIS PRISON. HIS JAILER STILL HOLDS THE KEY.

The Suez is more secure than it has been at any time since France crumpled at our side.

Abyssinia is in our hands. Irak is in our hands. Syria is in our hands. The Mediterranean is in our hands.

EVERYWHERE he turns Hitler finds, as Napoleon found, that grim jailer of the seas keeping the gateways of the ocean barred against him. It is always of him that he is thinking.

Even in his latest desperate gamble against Russia it is the ultimate enemy that is in his mind.

In his anti-Russian proclamation he made the amazing confession that *his General Staff told him last August that deficiency in aircraft had defeated his plan for conquering Britain. This, he said, compelled him to attack Russia as a preliminary to returning to the attack on Britain.*

I do not follow the reasoning. I do not see how, if he was short of aircraft last August, a war with Russia will help him to have abundance of aircraft to launch against us next autumn.

But, whatever his meaning, it is his jailer who darkens his thought and urges him on from one gamble to another.

And this latest gamble may well clinch the turn of the tide. For it is not the promenade he looked for.

It is a mighty war against a determined and mighty nation.

THAT NATION IS NOW OUR ALLY. MAY SHE REMAIN SO IN PEACE NO LESS THAN IN WAR.

WE are no longer alone as we were in those dark days before the Battle of Britain. Roosevelt has won his great struggle for the soul of America, and the occupation of Iceland is a warning to Hitler that goes far beyond Iceland.

It is an announcement that in the Battle of the Atlantic he has henceforth to reckon with the naval mig
American Commonw

And under the
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abomination of Nazi

We can hasten t
we strike for Russia

And we should
by proclaiming th
Magna Carta of ma
from these dreadful

Compare this spectacle of German officers captu in Libya recently with the issued by Goebbels a year ago wh Hitler's Blitzkrieg was let

This is the Stuff to

Hitler's not rious tantrums of rage with the frenzy of his lie doctor w Russian radio g

BY day and night I have listened to the war between Russia and Germany.

Without travelling to the front I have gained first-hand personal experience of a vitally important aspect of the vast struggle—the war in the ether, the terrific clash between the Nazi and the Soviet propaganda machines.

And there is no doubt Russia has come out on top. Goebbels, even in the first few weeks, has suffered a decisive defeat.

The Russians have brought formidable propaganda batteries into action. Of their 150 radio stations, at least one-third are within easy reach of German listeners.

Even Germans who must rely on the so-called People's Set—ingeniously designed for reception of Nazi news only—cannot fail, indeed cannot avoid hearing the powerful Russian transmissions butting in on the many Nazi propaganda broadcasts.

★ ★ ★

More than one German listener must have been surprised when hearing, as I did, immediately following a Nazi claim that Russia's Air Force has been wiped out, Russian broadcasts describing how Nazi bombers have been driven off by Russian fighters.

Words are not the only weapons in the battle.

For the first time since the outbreak of this war, Goeb ls must realise how effectively he can be shut up.

Two dozen po erful Soviet transmitters jammed the whole Nazi wireless system for hours. "Vital announcements" to which the Nazis had drawn their listeners' attention well in advance were drowned in a roar of Soviet interference. Not a single word could be heard.

★ ★

After the Russ ns had thus shown that they can us their heavy radio artillery at any t me to submerge the enemy's attacks, hey employed more subtle armament for an ingenious attack of their wn.

Grasping the reat appeal of individual messag to the German people, they brou ht one after another German to the m crophone.

There was "Le tenant Hofbaur," of the German Lu tw affe, who had just baled out over Russian territory and had been taken prisoner. He came over the air cheerfully, talking to his friends and his relatives in Germany, to his comrades in the Luftwaffe.

He told them in words in which they recognised the jargon of the fighting man—the jargon of a genuine German soldier and airman—that he was glad to be a prisoner and "out of the war."

He told them that, like so many of

ORY

in Libya recently with the swaggering pictures Hitler's Blitzkrieg was let loose

with the naval might of the British and American Commonwealth.

And under the inspiration of our bold leadership the cause of freedom is gathering strength in all lands—in gallant China, in the republics of South America, in France, where the name of Vichy stinks in the nostrils of an outraged people, and in every country from Norway to Greece that writhes under the heel of the infamous Gestapo.

The moment will come when the volcano that boils under the surface of Europe will burst into eruption and scatter the foul abomination of Nazism to the winds.

We can hasten that moment by every blow we strike for Russia now.

And we should prepare for that moment by proclaiming the principles of the new Magna Carta of mankind that should emerge from these dreadful birth-throes.

They'll Never Starve Us Out Now

Food in plenty is waiting for Britain. Yes, even fruit. It will come here as powder to save shipping space—and that's the meaning of your yellow ration books

Says MAURICE FAGENCE

WHEN I visited the Ministry of Food a few weeks ago I felt sorry for Lord Woolton.

From all over the world he was getting messages reporting record crops.

I know for a fact that he was pleading with the Shipping Ministry for cargo space.

But that Department was inexorable, unyielding.

"Sorry," it said. "But this country has got to be made safe. And arms come first."

So, in this world of plenty, he had to tell us again and again that we would have to tighten our belts still more.

I didn't tell you about those record crops at the time. You don't blow smoke in the face of a man who can't buy a cigarette.

Oranges and Lemons

But I was painfully aware that while we craved a taste of fresh fruit California was having the biggest orange crop in her history, that three different American States had grown more lemons than ever.

In addition, never before had America such huge supplies of soft fruits, apples, apricots, prunes, raisins and tomatoes to spare.

Canada and America between them had 800,000,000 bushels of surplus wheat.

Australia, New Zealand and various South American countries had been blessed just as lavishly with all the good things of life.

And as for milk and eggs—half the world hardly knew what to do with the stuff.

Well, I have good news for you.

You are going to get your share.

That is the reason for the little yellow booklet that accompanies your ration book.

You are not going to get it in the bulky form in which you usually buy your food.

Aeroplanes, tanks and guns still have first claim for shipping space.

But all they are going to take out of it is the water, which makes up as much as 90 per cent. of some foods—and which, in some cases, you will be able to replace in your own kitchen.

What has happened is that Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the United States have put their heads together and decided to take Samuel Smiles's advice.

They are going to concentrate.

All the best that Australia and New Zealand have to offer us (after they have built up a twelve months' store of food on our behalf) will be taken safely across the Pacific by ship to the United States.

Condensed Cargo

There it will be sent to evaporating and canning plants together with all the best that the United States can let us have.

Then, so reduced in bulk that a ship which would normally bring twelve months' supplies for five hundred people will bring supplies for five thousand instead, it will sail for Britain.

I have had a few examples in my hand this morning. A dried powder which is the best of beef and nothing but the best of beef.

Dried milk which is the best cows' milk with nothing but the water removed. It will come to you in an hermetically sealed tin which you will open with a key.

Powdered new laid egg so concentrated that a few spoonsful will fill your frying-pan with scrambled egg.

Orange, lemon and grape fruit juices are going to be sent to you in a form so highly concentrated that the neat liquid would hurt your tongue.

Cheese and Butter

Powdered pork is coming. A dozen different kinds of dried fruit. Gigantic quantities of cheese and butter—not reduced in bulk this time, but packed so that not an inch of cargo space is wasted.

And many more good things besides.

Large quantities of vitamin-yielding fish oils are to be sent to ensure good health for the youngsters through next winter.

Compressed cattle foods that will enable our own farms to yield more meat and milk.

And there's one bit of good news for poultry keepers.

A dried and concentrated poultry feed is coming which will supply everything that the rooster and his wives require.

Quite apart from the Australian and New Zealand produce which she will handle, America alone has £22,500,000 worth of farm produce waiting shipment here—which is but a small fraction of what she intends to sell.

Every pennyworth will be made available to us under the Lease-and-Lend arrangement.

In addition, she is supplying food-drying and evaporating machinery to Australia and New Zealand, so that they can fill odd corners of ships bound for Britain with food in its most nutritive and compact form.

Germany says she is going to starve us out.

She may as well know now that the worst of our war time food problems have been solved.

Nobody is going to starve here. If any epidemic is to result from our war feeding, it will have to come before the food ships arrive.

Very different is Germany's position.

Her chemists have been very, very clever—but thank heaven we are going to feed ourselves without the help of the chemist.

I have tasted some of the things her people are having to live on.

There's her "ersatz butter." It is not one whit better than the "butter" she had in the last war. and which was labelled: "This food is not dangerous to health."

Nearly Poisonous

Not frankly *poisonous*, perhaps, but not far off.

There was fat made from mineral oil. I think I should prefer soap.

And sugar made from waste wood and sawdust. Big plants have been put down for manufacturing it.

I can't say that I have tasted her synthetic meat, one kind of which is made from beans and vegetable marrow seeds—but I know I should prefer what my butcher sends me.

And as for the "complete-meal-in-a-pill" horrors carried by many of her soldiers, may we never have to have them here.

She makes white of an egg out of coal, and I am told it is quite a good imitation of the real thing.

But having tasted an excellent omelette made out of the concentrated *real* egg which America is to send us, I would prefer to use my coal ration in the grate.

But one thing has beaten her best scientists. They can produce proteins (the chief body-building constituents of foodstuffs) on a laboratory scale, but they have failed to do it commercially.

Flour made out of wood is the best they can do as yet.

And these are the people who are going to starve *us* out.

Not while we have the little yellow booklets which they've sent with our ration books—and the love of our Australian, Canadian, New Zealand and American cousins which that booklet represents.

e Stuff to Give Goebbels!

notorious tantrums of rage must be mild compared frenzy of his lie doctor when the live wires of the Russian radio got busy

oebbels must realise how can be shut up.

powerful Soviet transmed the whole Nazi em for hours. "Vital ts" to which the Nazis heir listeners' attention nce were drowned in a et interference. Not a ould be heard.

★ ★

ussians had thus shown n use their heavy radio ny time to submerge the cks, they employed more ment for an ingenious ir own.

he great appeal of inssages to the German rought one after another e microphone.

"Lieutenant Hofbaur," of Luftwaffe, who had just r Russian territory and ken prisoner. He came cheerfully, talking to his is relatives in Germany, les in the Luftwaffe.

m in words in which they e joyon of the fighting gen of a genuine German irman—that he was glad er and "out of the war." em that, like so many of those whom he had met at home, he never wanted to fight Russia, anyway.

It was a simple, natural, yet most impressive little speech.

To the Germans the effect must have been greater than the blast of a heavy bomb on German territory.

Astute Soviet propagandists then went to the attack against the enemy's weakest points.

Addressing mothers, wives, brothers of fallen German soldiers, they told them just what they want to hear: how their men had met their death; how they fought and struggled; how they would be buried and where.

Can you imagine the feeling of a German mother who has just received the curt information from the Nazi War Office that her son "had been killed in action"?

★ ★ ★

She is unable to find out any more.

And then the Russian radio gives her the news, every detail of her son's last hours. I know the German mothers. I know they will listen to the Soviet broadcasts ever after.

The Russians have a few other "air attacks" up their sleeves.

Already a new "German Freedom Station" is operating inside Germany. Only the intensified war in the ether has made this possible. With scores of Russian transmitters operating twenty-four hours every day, it is impossible for the Nazi radio sleuths to discover the "enemy within the gates."

For the first time in years the Germans hear the truth about Goering, Goebbels and the other Nazi gangsters.

★ ★ ★

How do the Germans reply?

Their communiqués are short, tantalising to the millions of Germans whose friends and relatives are fighting in the East. The descriptions of their announcers who accompany the Nazi troops into action have become monotonous.

A note of apprehension is creeping into these broadcasts.

Goebbels is on the defensive.

Constantly he is forced to "explain," to "warn," to evade the most topical issues.

When he came out with the "big news" which he had promised for weeks, he had to "say it with music."

Our own R.A.F. is contributing to the attack. Ever more frequently Nazi stations are off the air.

Recently the English broadcasts from Bremen were abandoned. The Nazis radioed music instead.

It was a heartening experience to witness this spectacular defeat of one of the strongest Nazi weapons in the war.

Willi Frischauer

QUISLINGS IN DISGUISE

Many of the people dealt with in this article would no doubt be genuinely shocked if they were told they were fighting for Hitler. Yet much of what they are doing amounts to that.

DEATH is the penalty prescribed in war time Britain for the crime of sabotage. That sentence was passed on a woman who cut an army telephone wire, although it was afterwards reduced to a long term of imprisonment.

We cannot afford to be kid-gloved with people whose aim is to drain the very life-blood of the nation's war effort, rendering it anæmic, powerless to exert anything like its full strength.

But saboteurs are not the only people who indulge in this most dangerous of all forms of blood-letting.

It is my intention to deal with a few of them here.

Some of them are guilty of crimes comparable with the worst forms of sabotage. A few are more fool than traitor.

All of them need treating with something harsher than the benign indifference with which the authorities seem to view them.

For simplicity's sake I will deal separately with a few of the fields in which they operate.

GOOD FOOD TRODDEN ON THE GROUND

You may have peeped into some of the thousands of amusement arcades which litter this country.

One of the most popular ways of losing your pennies is *via* an electric crane.

You seek to pull out of the machine, with your crane, often trashy gifts which are so well bedded down that they are not easily moved as a rule.

Once they were bedded in brilliant green sweets. If the grab of your crane failed to pick up a prize, it often scooped up these sweets.

Many were thrown away as unwanted. Many more fell to the floor, to be swept up as waste, or trodden underfoot.

To-day, sweets being expensive, a new bedding material has been found for use in thousands of these machines.

It is a colourful mixture of yellow lentils, white haricots, green peas.

The scoops pick *them* up, now. *They* tumble to the floor, to be swept into a corner or crushed beneath careless feet.

And they are one of the finest foods known to man.

Sailors die bringing them here. The dried green pea is one of the ten most valuable foods known.

They are ideal energy-producers for workers in heavy industries, which is why they are so popular in steel, iron and coal-producing centres.

They protect children from some of the diseases that war can inflict.

Knowing these things, thousands of women trudge from shop to shop in fruitless efforts to get them.

Yet they are fed to amusement arcade proprietors by the lorry-load, to be hauled to waste by fools who are soon parted from their money.

One of my representatives made a test of one of these machines with thirty pennies.

He got no prize, but he picked up with his crane sufficient of this valuable food

It is scenes like this at race meetings that infuriate the public. Compelling motorists to keep logs won't stop it

to enable a good housewife to improve a stew for six people out of all recognition.

I made inquiries in Whitehall regarding this wicked waste of food, which is also a shocking example to people who are asked to save sailors' lives by not wasting food.

And I made the remarkable discovery that, unless somebody cares to come forward as a public informer, it is doubtful whether anything could be done.

I mentioned the ten most important foods. Another of them is the egg.

As I write these words, 18,000 eggs are deteriorating to the point at which they may become uneatable at Newport Collecting Station.

And this because Newport lacks a grading machine.

And I have evidence that while housewives have been literally fighting for potatoes, vast quantities of this food have been decaying on farms in different parts of the country.

I will turn to another field.

HOW GALLONS OF OIL DISAPPEARED

Sailors will tell you that there is no more distressing, horrifying sight than the torpedoing of a petrol tanker.

There are no more heroic men afloat than those fine fellows who sail the seas on floating powder-kegs.

That said, ponder on this:

An Army ammunition-carrying unit was entrusted with a vast dump of petrol contained in four-gallon cans.

Suspicious because the cans supplied appeared to be somewhat battered, the commanding officer ordered a search for possible "leakers."

It was discovered that a total of 1,000 gallons had soaked into the ground.

Another check was ordered. By then 1,400 gallons had disappeared.

A petrol-carrying company was called in to take charge of what was left before the lot disappeared.

And reflect on this, too:

It is bad enough that certain Army units still turn out big lorries to take soldiers to dances.

But within twenty-five miles of London is a fish and chip shop at which big Army lorries often call—specially sent from some miles away, not in passing—for twelve of fish and twelve of chips.

One instance, I know—but it is typical of thousands.

Then there's the abuse of the petrol ration by private motorists.

The State favours, I believe, the continuance of a small basic ration permitting to each motorist round about 200 miles of travel a month.

It needs the £15,000,000 of revenue yielded every year. Also, it must be remembered, the private cars of this country represent a big national asset which mustn't be allowed to decay, as it would if not a wheel of them was allowed to turn.

But the supplementary ration is a different matter entirely.

For all the watchfulness that is now being exercised at horse and dog-racing meetings, vast quantities of petrol allotted for specific purposes are being wasted on pure pleasure.

To catch these "wangiers" a log will have to be kept in future of every journey made.

But it will not check all the abuses.

A man who will be dishonest in getting petrol to which he is not entitled is little likely to be honest about the keeping of his log.

There are still forged coupons to be bought.

It is still easy, in some districts, to buy petrol that has been allotted for agricultural or other uses.

A well-to-do motorist tempted a soldier to sell him twelve gallons of Army petrol.

The soldier was summarily dealt with, and I am not saying that he didn't deserve to be.

But the man who tempted him was visited by an officer who gravely warned him that there would be serious consequences "if he were not more careful in future."

More careful, indeed. Perhaps he will interpret that as meaning that he must be careful not to be found out!

Then sixty cars turned up in the heart of the country for a sporting event advertised as in aid of the Spitfire Fund, and which yielded less than £5—far less than the cost of the petrol wasted.

I repeat that there is no more terrible sight than the torpedoing of a tanker.

Yet motor-coach tours are still advertised. You can still hire motor-launches by the hour or day—with the necessary petrol. And cars.

Some car-hire firms are patriotic enough to refuse to let out cars for purely pleasure journeys.

But I saw how many hundreds of taxi-cabs there were returning to London from the war time Derby, so I don't think the pleasure-travel hog will be curbed that way.

Five per cent. of the total fuel imported is sufficient to keep the private cars of this country in running order—and that fuel is useless for aero-engines, anyhow.

Fairly distributed, it would give every motorist some 2,000 miles a year of travel.

But it must be fairly distributed, otherwise the basic ration will have to be cut to the point at which it won't pay to drive motor vehicles at all, and a valuable national asset will have to be condemned to the ravages of inner cylinder rust, the tuberculosis of the motor vehicle.

Space will not permit extended reference to it, but I hear about a lot of waste of petrol by local defence services and voluntary organisations.

And doing your bit is no excuse whatsoever for imperilling the lives of sailors who are beyond any doubt doing theirs.

And now, with the rationing of clothing, a new field of racketeering has opened up.

CLOTHING CHEATS ARE THE WORST

Spurious coupons abound already.

The Black Bourse of the clothing trade threatens to become the worst of the lot.

Its "members" buy up the stock-in-trade of shopkeepers who are closing up because they are joining the Services—without coupons.

And here is another trick:

Certain shady shopkeepers are telling their poorer customers: "Give us a few extra coupons and you can have a few shillings off the price."

Better-off shoppers are prepared to pay them more than a few shillings extra to get the goods without coupons.

Second-hand-clothes dealers are touting from door to door, offering second-hand garments that look almost new.

The price is very small if you hand over the coupons as if you were buying new garments.

Then these "traders" either sell the coupons on the Black Bourse or put them on one side to enable well-to-do people to be supplied without coupons but at staggeringly high prices.

Clothes-greedy people are going to great lengths in their determination to cheat.

From several women readers who work in big stores that would disdain to sink to trickery we get this story.

A woman comes in and asks for a particular garment. She decides to take it. "Coupons?" she asks. "You are going to be unlucky! I have dealt with the firm that made this garment for years, and rather than hand over coupons I shall approach the firm direct."

Sometimes these greedy shoppers have returned to taunt the assistants with the joyous news: "I saw Messrs. —— and got the article for no coupons at all (or half the usual quantity). They appreciate an old customer, if you don't."

Other examples accumulate in my dossiers. I will continue my disclosures from time to time until the authorities realise how great is the danger to our war-effort of these multitudinous drainages from our national resources.

Will you help me to watch? And then tell me what you see?

For if there is one thing saboteurs and near-saboteurs fear it is vigilance.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. LESLIE DONN, Corporation Street, Manchester, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for information concerning another food dodge.

I am glad to receive letters on any subject calling for inquiry. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Voice of the People

This is your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WHAT a dirty devil this Boche is! He dropped natty pencils of the kind that attract children. A bonny little boy found one, couldn't open it, used his pen-knife.

Next minute he was running home with all the fingers gone from one hand—facial, eye and lung injuries as well.

He's in St. Mary's Hospital, Sidcup. Privately, I send you the name and address of his mother. Any payment to her, please.—"No Saint. Please don't give name or address."

Reason given for anonymity: "Mother is not a wealthy woman, is proud, would hate to feel indebted to anyone."

Shirt-Sleeve Shine

Spit and polish in the Army is supposed to be abolished.

For instance, last century a soldier had to have in his kit: Brass ball, heel-ball, pipe-clay, chalk, bath-brick, bones, buff stick and buff rubber.

Fusiliers needed three hours to clean their braided coatees, lavender trousers, shabracques, pelisses, dolmans, sabretaches and poudre-pouches for guard.

Yet they were lucky compared with one present-day regiment. Required to parade in shirt-sleeves during hot weather, they had to blanco their braces.—A. G. Michie, London, S.E.

Writer of this note, Horse Artilleryman in last war, had to buy nine cleaning materials, silver sand and burnisher (which cost four days' pay) among them.

Clothes and the Man

"Soon," said a well-dressed man, referring to clothes coupons, "we shall be a nation of down-and-outs."

I must say I do see the danger. Clothes do have an influence on one. If we allow ourselves to go shabby we shall unconsciously get down-and-out in spirit.

And that might spell defeat.—Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

Nonsense. There's no more pitiful spectacle than the man who has no other claim to notice than a new suit.

Too Old at Thirty-eight

Darwen employment exchange has just told me I am too old for a war job.

I am a woman of thirty-eight, strong and healthy.

When I elected to leave home to go to a distant Government factory they said: "What we want is young girls."

I went to two firms personally. Both repeated "Too old."

And we are supposed to be all out for victory!—Mrs. D. S., Darwen, Lancs.

No Sale

Wicked growers are getting the blame for dear produce.

Well, I took 225 excellent Spring onions to a greengrocer who was selling that particular article for fivepence per bunch of four (and sometimes five).

They were offered to him within an hour of being pulled.

He offered me 2s. 6d. for the lot.

I preferred to give them away to friends.—W. J. B., Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

Not in War Time

John Barber writes in "Voice of the People" of hundreds of police officers being retired while still healthy and strong.

May I point out that in war time no police officer can retire except for medical reasons.

Retirement normally comes after 30 years of irregular duties, which includes irregular meals. Thirty years of cold and wet.

Then the officer is handed back, as pension, the 5 per cent. he has had deducted since he joined the service.

Perhaps John Barber is right about the hundreds retiring—but they must be ill men, and I wish them a speedy return to strength and fitness.—Police Constable, Essex.

Muddle

As a soldier, I was stationed in a town the population of which has doubled.

Beer being issued to public houses on the basis of 1939 requirements, it was hard to get a drink.

I was moved to a town the population of which has been halved.

There was beer enough to swim in.

Something similar seems to be happening with sweets, with cigarettes and with many other commodities. I wonder what reward there will be for the very brainy gentleman who works these things out?—Private G. J. C., Oulton Broad, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

Clothes Dodgers

Clothes rationing will hit the clerk and typist class—but it will make no difference whatever to the purchases made by the poorer and richer members of the community.

The poorer because they have never been able to buy as many clothes as they are now permitted to buy.

The richer because they will always be able to get coupons, anyhow.

I work in one of the most exclusive gown shops, and I know that most of our women customers are now "spending" the coupons of their cooks, housekeepers, maids—and even butlers.—Miss A. S., Epsom, Surrey.

Man Shortage

Germany will be beaten in the end by lack of man-power.

I know it sounds absurd, in view of the tremendous size of the German army. But here are my reasons.

For every man it takes to refine a gallon of oil, it takes seven men to make a gallon of ersatz oil. It takes nine times as many people to make ersatz suitings as the real thing.

All other things being equal, Germany would want four times as many workers to make a given quantity of war materials as would we.

Nazi Germany relied on substitutes (to use the English word nearest in meaning to "ersatz") to win her the war. It will lose it for her instead.—J. L., Ware, Hertfordshire.

Rent Ramps

There is going to be a far worse rent racket after this war than after the last—and that was bad enough.

These steps should be taken *at once*:

Every tenant should be compelled to notify the local authority what rent he pays. If he pays an exorbitant figure on the grounds that the tenancy is a "furnished" one, he should state what furniture is involved, and the approximate value.

Where too much is paid, a reduction should be ordered.

Rent rackets result from the fact that certain people will pay anything for a home rather than go without. That puts up rents to people not quite so foolish.

Make it impossible for anyone to pay an exorbitant rent, provide drastic penalties for misleading the authorities in the matter, and there'll be no rent racket.—S. M. M., Horsham.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

HOW DID THE "V" START?

● It began with the chance remembering by somebody that the letter "V" begins the word for victory or freedom in many languages—*victoire* in French, *vrijdom* in Dutch, and so on.

When discussing this, someone else tapped the "V" out in the Morse code—dot, dot, dot, dash—and, a little later, a musician remembered that the rhythm was that of the famous notes which hint at impending doom in the opening of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Yet another person said: "Why even the word Fifth is represented by the 'V.'"

Out of all this was born the first really good propaganda stunt our overstaffed, over-costly and long-endured Ministry of Information evolved.

This was that captive nations all over Europe should be encouraged to chalk up the "V" and tap out the Morse code. It spread like wildfire when a so-called "Colonel Britton" suggested it on the air. He was actually a different man for every country, for each needed an expert linguist.

Now I suggest another idea of the same kind—that the enslaved peoples should be encouraged to laugh, chuckle, smile, or show other signs of inward and mirthful contempt whenever they see a German soldier or official. Millions of them are artful enough to know how to do it without being accused of anything.

Within the continual sight and sound of mockery, German officialdom would soon get nerves. The "V" has started it. Let us now see what the laughter can do.

HOW DO THE "EXPERTS" KNOW?

● I see that Goering and Hitler have quarrelled. How on earth does anybody know?

Why, Rudolf Hess has been in England now for weeks, and yet even Duff Cooper himself has had hidden from him many of the facts about why he came here and what he said!

On the same day, so ill-informed were they, two Members of the War Cabinet gave different reasons for Hess's flight!

Yet, although no one is allowed to know why Hess came here, "experts" pretend that, in a Germany where conversation is repressed and criticism impossible, they know every time Hitler frowns or Goering gets a bellyache.

When are we going to invade the Continent? I don't know. Yet the War Office is only about 300 yards from my flat.

Who changed Russia from a co-belligerent into an ally? I can't tell you. And yet I meet Members of the Government almost every day.

Yet our "military experts" know Hitler's time-table, and how much it has gone wrong, while our "diplomatic correspondents" know all the secrets of the Wilhelmstrasse.

Don't you believe it. I would as soon trust our astrologers.

SHOULD AMERICA COME IN NOW?

● High-up opinion is still at variance about America's entry into the war.

One section—and this, I understand, is now led by Winston himself — favours the idea that, if America declared war on Germany, it would have such a frightening effect on a German population now already harassed by intensive bombing, that its morale would be sorely shaken.

The opponents of this view remember that, if the United States declared war on Germany, Japan, because of her treaty, would be compelled to declare war on the States.

The immediate result of this would be that the American Fleet, so far from helping to keep open the Atlantic route, would be needed in the Far East.

Germany's apparent plan, argue these objectors, is to bring this about, and this at a time when Japan seems to be weakening in her pro-Axis ties, even regretting them.

I consider Roosevelt's present policy much more clever than any alternative. Having declared that, at all cost, he must protect the Western hemisphere, he is occupying, in the Eastern hemisphere, place after place which might be used as jumping-off grounds by Nazis intending to attack New York by air.

Then he has claimed the right to keep open the routes to those places, to insist, indeed, on the freedom of the seas.

At any moment, Germany might herself declare war. Heaven knows Roosevelt has given her enough reason. For nearly a year now he has been at war with Germany in all but name.

HOW IS WAR GOOD FOR HEALTH?

● In spite of strain, in spite of rationing, the public health stands at a surprisingly high level. Why is this?

So far as food goes, it would seem that it is more generally shared than it was in peace time when 50 per cent. of the population suffered from malnutrition.

The rest usually eat far too much. Simpler menus mean better health.

As for the nation's nerves, millions, responding to a call to duty, have faced even the perils of the blitz with less harm to their systems than that caused in peace time by a hundred minor worries—a late train or a partner who trumps your ace.

Many a woman who, normally, is afraid of a mouse now braves the bombs without a tremor. One big worry, it seems, stimulates; small ones create an irritability that harms the digestion.

Then many thousands of women and children, having left crowded cities for small towns and country villages, are enjoying not only the open air but the change. As for hard work, "it never kills anyone" has been proved.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

By HEDLEY BARKER

If anything had been needed to form Johnny's resolve, his first year's trading clinched the matter. He had made twelve pounds by imitating in detail Thomas Cottington's actions

Turn Again, Whittington

SATURDAYS, young Johnny Pees got threepence from his mother. On the principle that no young rip of twelve years old should be subsidised with unearned income, she exacted a certain amount of toil.

Johnny was required to draw the week's water from the village well down the road, filling the tank outside the door till it brimmed.

Not what you would call a high-spirited lad. He never threw stones at gas-lamps, or robbed the farmer's orchard. A bit queer for a youngster. Solemn and thoughtful, saying only "Yes, mum," and "No, mum."

He said little, and thought a lot. An old head on young shoulders, that's what the villagers said.

At school he was moderate. Fair to middling was his teacher's report. If he had a bent at all it was for figures. That, and the story of Whittington.

The day of feasting, Saturday, for most of the village lads. Lollipops, ice cream, ginger-beer, according to their resources. For Johnny it was the day of self-denial. His shrewd eye appraised the stock of the confectioner, ranging for monster penn'orths.

Always he was moved by an ingrained thrift. The exchequer must be preserved, it must grow. However tempted, he would spend only a penny of his threepence.

Bargains in broken biscuits came his way, licorice all-sorts that had gone stale, grey, musty-tasting chocolate.

The bent for figures. Twelve pence one shilling, twenty shillings one pound. He ate frugally of the broken biscuits, and thought solemnly of the tin box in his bedroom. Fifty pence four and tuppence.

The fruit of twenty-five weeks' hard saving. He chafed at the slow growth, saw his first five-pound note six hundred weeks away.

Up to now Johnny had formulated no plans. Vaguely mixed up with the Lord Mayor's coach in his mind was the desire to make a lot of money. It was the wet afternoon that crystallised this desire and shaped it towards definite ends.

The wet afternoon and the book.

HIS mother was out, away in Colchester, doing her week's shopping.

Johnny mooned about the house, picking things up, putting them down. In this way he found himself at last in the attic, a room which he seldom visited.

And soon, for want of something better to do, he had the rope off the big trunk in the corner, opened the lid.

It was full of old books, many of them tattered, all of them smelling like church. Johnny turned them over, idly reading titles, until he came to one which held him.

The Midas Touch, it said, *Being the True Story of Thomas Cottington and His Quest for Gold.*

Johnny began to read. Very soon he detected parallels between Thomas Cottington and himself. Like him the other was born of poor parents in a little village. Like him, his father had died at an early age. Johnny read on.

"The young Cottington early evinced those qualities of shrewdness and thrift which were to dominate his future attitude to life. At the age of twelve his keen business sense led him to construct for a few pence a four-wheeled barrow which, at week-ends, he filled with chopped faggots to sell in the neighbouring town of Midbury."

Johnny started as if shot. Why hadn't he thought of some such thing before? In an instant he saw the possibilities. On the following Saturday he journeyed into Colchester hauling a load of faggots.

He came back dead tired. It was seven miles to Colchester, and the outward pull had been against a head wind. But the intoxication of triumph was in him. He had made three-and-sixpence—a shilling better than young Cottington.

If anything had been needed to form Johnny's resolve, his first year's trading clinched the matter. He had made twelve pounds by imitating in detail Thomas Cottington's actions. From then on the book became his bible, and its hero his guide.

Up there in his bedroom he made a solemn vow. Henceforth he would follow Cottington blindly, duplicating his career down to the last letter.

So far as he could, anyway. For the book was disappointing in this one thing: that the end pages were missing. From time to time Johnny tried to get hold of another copy, but the book had been out of print for fifty years, and he was unsuccessful.

At fourteen Johnny left school. He was Thomas Cottington to the life by this time. It was as if that astute gentleman had been born again and existed in the person of Johnny Pees.

He was fast maturing into a man of affairs. He was beyond the need of his mother's help or advice. He stood on his own feet, the master of forty pounds.

Buying cheap, selling dear, haggling, sticking out for a penny. Second-hand gramophones, wireless sets, wringing-machines, bicycles. "Thomas Cottington," said the book, "traded variously, adding brick by brick to the foundations of his fortune."

On his eighteenth birthday his mother gave him a silver watch and chain. He thanked her soberly and bade her dress for a journey. She did as she was told, for he had long since taken complete charge of her life.

It was a real day out. Pictures, tea at the best café in the town, a new dress to grace the pew on Sundays. Most of the time she was speechless with the shock of it all. But at last, on the way home, she found voice to thank him.

"It's in the book," he said, "Tom did it."

And when they got home he showed her.

"On his eighteenth birthday young Cottington set up in business for himself as a scrap-iron merchant, and celebrated the event by taking his mother for a jaunt. And London, never out of his thoughts, beckoned him ever more urgently."

Bewildered, she stared at him. "But Johnny, you haven't——"

"I've bought Tim Oldroyd's business over at Crosby for two hundred and fifty pounds."

Tim Oldroyd's business had never been more than leisurely. Bread and butter, a pint of beer—these were the limits of his workaday ambition. Johnny Pees soon altered all that.

He sold the old mare and cart which he had acquired with the business, bought a second-hand motor lorry for a song, refurbished it, travelled the length of three counties, worked early and late.

"Young Cottington attended to his business with a single-minded devotion. He neither drank nor smoked, nor did he ever find time to stand at the street corner. In two years he had made five hundred and fifty pounds out of waste metal, and owned his own freehold."

ON his twentieth birthday Johnny Pees locked away the deeds of the house in an old safe he had picked up, and counted his gains. Eight hundred pounds almost to a penny.

He was now a fanatic about Thomas Cottington. There was something almost uncanny about the way in which his hero's footprints were leading him to prosperity.

Uncanny, too, that he should have met his future wife at about the same time as the other man. Johnny locked up his safe, cleaned himself, and went to meet her in the country lane.

There wasn't much of love's young dream about Johnny's courtship. He had none of the tender accomplishments. Most of the time he talked about his business, and Alice listened with a dutiful attention.

She was proud of him, awed by his achievements, staggered by his description of the shape of things to come.

He talked of a big building in London. Commissionaires, a vast array of desks, clerks, duplicators, adding-machines, messengers rushing hither and thither with urgent cables from places like Matapan and Rio de Janeiro.

About the Lord Mayor's coach. Even Cottington hadn't accomplished that. At least, not so far as he knew. The book broke off abruptly with Cottington at the height of his powers, the possessor of a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds.

"And I," said Johnny, his eyes glowing, "can go one better than Cottington. He lived in the seventeen hundreds. Progress has revolutionised business since those days. Life's been speeded up, Alice, a hundred times. This is the age of quick money."

TIME passed. A year, two years. Johnny had six lorries going, and a wages bill of fifty pounds a week. He had said nothing to Alice about marriage. When at last she conquered her timidity and broached the subject he pleaded pressure of business.

"There's plenty of time, Alice. I'm rushed out at present, up to my eyes in it, haven't got a minute to spare."

But the real reason for delay was in the book.

"In vain," it said, "Mary pleaded with him. Thomas Cottington was adamant. Marriage was a distraction which he couldn't afford. With all his heart, soul and strength he must push forward to the pinnacle. As he saw things matrimony on the very eve of his migration to London could only bring disaster. He reasoned with her. In the end Mary accepted his sentence of five years' single misery."

And when the time came for Johnny Pees to take the great step he broke this news to his Alice.

"Five years? But Johnny——!"

Alice turned dead white. She was shattered. In five years she would be twenty-seven.

"Listen, Alice," he said, "I don't want to wait five years any more than you do. I've got to follow the road laid down for me. Ever since I started with the faggots my luck has been in. Don't you see? It's fate, it's destiny. I daren't go aside from it, I daren't."

Alice wept. It seemed she was heart-broken, and Johnny took her in his arms, patting her, muttering awkward endearments. But she, too, was moved by something of the book's compelling influence. A break with Johnny was out of the question. Like Mary, she accepted the sentence with all its implications.

So Johnny made his goodbyes and went home to pack. In the attic he turned over the old books to see if there were any he might usefully take with him. From a battered dictionary some loose pages fluttered down. He picked them up.

Long lost, they were the end pages from Thomas Cottington.

Johnny Pees never went to London. Instead, half an hour later, he went flying down the road to knock at Alice's door. She was to put on her hat, come out with him at once. She looked at the clock.

"But . . . you'll miss the train."

He laughed. "Train? There'll be no train for me. We're off to the parson's to put up the banns. Look, read that."

It was the last page of Johnny's bible. Wonderingly, she took it. At the bottom was a marked paragraph. She read:

"It was a mortal blow. Thomas Cottington had not the fortitude to stand up to adversity. Bankruptcy, the ruin of all his hopes—he could not face it. He died by his own hand in 1794."

HUMANIST, replying to worried parents, reveals the causes of many juvenile crimes

Dead End Failures

JUVENILE crime is still increasing. In one big town the number of children under fourteen appearing in court has been multiplied by three!

So, naturally, many parents are asking me to discuss the problem. One worried father writes:

One of the chief causes, it seems to me, is the lack of religious teaching in our council schools.

If all children were taught that it is sinful to steal they might think more than twice before they yield to the temptation.

Now I really cannot let him get away with this nonsense.

Children who attend our council schools are not worse than those who attend church schools.

In Leeds, the number of youngsters from council schools who appear in court amounts to 7.6 per thousand, whereas the number from church schools amounts to 12.6 per thousand.

This is a typical case : I could quote worse from the figures now lying on my table.

In the second place, it is untrue that pupils in council schools have no religious teaching. They do have it, every day, but it is not denominational in character.

The causes of delinquency are numerous:

Scattered families, fathers serving with the Forces, mothers doing war work, evacuation, absence from schools, frequent changes of school, lack of supervision in the evenings and at week-ends, the exposure of goods in big stores, the existence of slot machines and meters.

Dr. Cyril Burt, who made a long investigation of young delinquents in London, found that children rarely steal food because they are hungry.

They steal because they want to be able to "swank"—to give the impression of wealth !

WHY don't parents plan their children's careers according to their special abilities? asks a young man.

Parents of children in secondary schools aim at a job which is considered "good," but children from elementary schools take anything that is going.

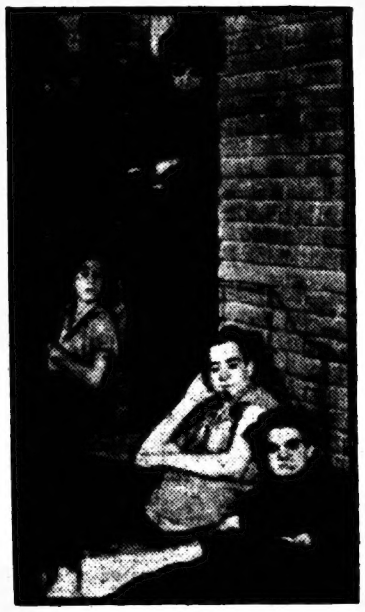
I managed to win a scholarship and go to a secondary school, but I was put to work in a Local Government Office.

It is considered good, but I have always longed to escape from the routine duties of office work and to get a really interesting occupation.

Another young man writes in a similar strain :

Many a boy's life has been ruined through the short-sightedness of parents.

They think it would be so nice for Johnny to follow in his father's foot-steps though the boy has no inclination whatever for his father's business.



Youngsters like these "Dead End Kids" are only a small proportion of juvenile delinquents, most of whom come from comfortable homes

The boy is forced into engineering when his heart and soul are set on music or painting.

A friend of mine had thirty years of life wasted through his mother compelling him to take the wrong sort of job.

He wanted a career in music, and after his mother's death he became one of the most brilliant organists in the country.

My own feeling is that happiness in work is quite as important as the wages or salary. It would be better to take a £4 a week job which is enjoyable and "worthwhile" than an £8 a week job which is depressing and meaningless.

A career ought not to depend upon accident. In many public schools there is a Careers Master whose function it is to advise the school leaver about the kind of work he is best fitted to do.

There is also the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, which tests young people for special aptitudes and advises accordingly.

AND here is a letter from an indignant mother on the same subject:

My husband has pushed my nineteen-year-old daughter into the Civil Service. He is a great believer in security, pensions, safe jobs, red tape, and office stools.

The girl is frittering away her brains doing humdrum work for which she cares nothing.

She was a pianoforte player of great promise and carried off many first prizes at music festivals.

She could have won a scholarship at the Royal College of Music at sixteen. By this time she would have gained her diploma.

Now all her spare time seems to be spent in cinemas, dances, and outings; but she is not happy. She feels that her life is aimless. She gets bored and headachy.

The trouble about these dissatisfied young people is that they nearly all want to become painters, musicians, journalists, playwrights, novelists, actors or actresses, film stars.

Do they really feel they have the talents, or can it be that they are allured by the thought of becoming famous ?

If so, it is only natural that routine work in an office or an engineering shop should find them disgruntled.

Do they realise that all the glamorous jobs mentioned above entail years of terrifically hard work and that only one in a hundred emerges as a celebrity?

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

WOMEN WHO WORK IN CONSTANT GUNFIRE

NO girls are doing a more thrilling or highly specialised job than those of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service who man the Observation Posts.

Guns of all calibres crack and thunder from dawn to dusk at a gunnery experimental station somewhere on the East Coast.

The "heavies"—15-inch guns—go into action with a deafening, clattering roar.

In their offices close by the O.P. girls are working out their readings.

Walls rock and shudder, the very earth seems to open as salvo crashes after salvo, and windows are flung wide to prevent them from breaking.

Yet, with cotton-wool in their ears to counter the effect of blast, these girls quietly tackle the intricate mathematical problems that their work entails.

For hours, often days on end, they stand up to this perpetual day-long "blitz" of gunnery tests, armed with T-squares, conversion tables and slide-rules.

Their comrades, while in the Observation Posts some miles ahead of the guns, are at least enjoying temporary relief from this incessant ear-splitting din.

In each Post are two girls, watching through a vertical window for the splash as the shells hit the sea. When the shell hits, or "grazes" as they call it, they "dot" the position on the glass with special ink.

These windows, employed for the deviation of shells and the determination of ranges, are only used for low shell-bursts.

Scoring by Mirror

Outside the Post a horizontal mirror is placed on a table to reflect the high bursts. Then the two O.P. girls manning it take an impression of the position on special paper which is used for this purpose.

One of the officers, a junior commander, goes out with the girls. On receiving the commands from the batteries by telephonic communication, she gives the order: "Look in!"

A series of star shells this time. A star shell falls slowly, and the O.P.s find the position when it lights up, recording the rate at which it drops with a stop-watch and a burner.

"Shot!" orders the junior commander when the round is over.

The O.P. girls, with a keen eye and delicate touch, expertly handle such diverse and complex instruments as a director, generally used to find the range, but employed as well for low bursts, showing exactly where the shell grazes.

With the same easy familiarity they manipulate a theodolite to find the range, and fuse scales, with which they test the accurate setting of fuse-caps from the position where the shells burst.

No wonder they are christened "The Brains Trust" of the A.T.S.! For such skilled work every girl needs to be up to matriculation standard, while each officer holds a science degree.

In a travelling laboratory, surrounded by a labyrinth of electric wires and batteries, the two company commanders deal with research and ballistics.

And at a board of complicated instruments and dials, two junior commanders and their assistants are finding the velocity of the shells that the O.P.s are spotting.

A "Front-Line" Job

The girls also help to run the wireless room, and can operate the telephone exchange. Just as they are able to drive the lorries which take them and their instruments to the Posts.

When there is a "Big Shoot" on they set out at dawn, with sandwiches and water-bottles, working often till 6 p.m. or later, in all kinds of weather.

Doing a "front-line" man's job with competence and dexterity, and so releasing a man for other work, they surely earn the privilege of wearing the Service cap of the regiment to which they are attached.

As they work out the results of their observations amid the everyday "blits" of the booming guns, they need not only a high standard of intelligence, but of high courage and endurance as well.

I have seen the A.T.S. in many front-line jobs, of which the work in the Observation Posts at the gunnery experimental stations is only one, but nowhere do the girls stand up to a stiffer test than that imposed on the O.P.s.

The girls, for instance, now manning the predictors, height-finders and locators on some of the Anti-Aircraft gun sites will have a tough time when and if the blitz ever gets bad again. They will risk being shot up—now and again.

But with the O.P. girls it is an all-the-time din of thundering guns that they must endure.

Have you ever stood near even a 45 A.A. gun for a short while? If entirely unaccustomed to its blast, your ears ache for hours afterwards and your head for days. Imagine, then, what it is like standing up to a series of salvoes from 15-inchers.

But these girls of the Observation Posts never complain !

Celia Benabu

NEVER WAIT FOR THINGS TO HAPPEN

NEVER wait for things to happen. Time is ours to wisely use. Every moment has its value—it's People's Deeds that make Life's News. Standing waiting at Life's Corners in case a Chance comes smiling by, chills the spirit into numbness, and that's the way our best hopes die.

NEVER wait for things to happen; never shrink and crouch in fear, though the moving hand of Trouble comes inexorably near. Move your mind and move it swiftly, even though your hands be tied. Thought is Life's most priceless weapon; keep it active at your side.

NEVER wait for things to happen, watching others take your place, for there's nothing so heart-breaking as our gap in Life's Big Race. There is nothing so pathetic as the race we might have run, or the steps we might have taken until finally we'd won.

NEVER wait for things to happen. Heaven does not beg on earth; we can only gain our Heaven when we've done things Heaven-worth. We can only find Life's high place when we've given out ourselves. There is nothing so Soul-dreary as Life's Dust on unused shelves.

J. M.

Second Tin

straightened her hands and banished all pain

Sir,—I have been suffering great pain in my hands and arms. I could hardly lift my right arm above my head and my fingers were beginning to twist with chronic rheumatism. I decided I would give Fynnon Salt a trial. I got a tin and had only taken it a few times when I found relief. Am now using a second tin and the pain and numb feeling are gone. My hands are straight and back to normal and I can lift my arm freely. E. N., Co. Down, N. Ireland.

Try Fynnon yourself. Large tin 1/5 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. Incl. Purchase Tax.

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, Middx.

"What a lovely Baby!"

Thanks to

Fennings'

CHILDREN'S POWDERS

EFFECTIVE and HARMLESS

FROM YOUR CHEMIST SINGLY OR IN BOXES
1/5 and 3/5

Prevent Convulsions
Check Teething Setbacks

WRITE: Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. of W., for copy of "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" post free

THE LAST LAUGH

RECRUIT (Retford).—"I spent my first seven days' leave learning to punt on the river." Hadn't you had enough of falling in?

M. B. (Maidstone).—"To-day I saw an old business friend walking dejectedly in the gutter with his head bent." That shows what the cigarette shortage will drive some men to.

MRS. V. (Epsom).—"My child woke at 2 a.m. the other morning and asked me to tell her a story. Just at that moment my husband arrived home." And told you both one?

ASTRONOMER (Andover).—"One can't expect the girl of to-day to have any appreciation of the stars." Except on a uniform.

PERFORMER (Edgware).—"As I sang the line 'For Bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die,' some rude fellow in the theatre jumped up in his seat." And asked if Miss Laurie was in the audience?

GUS (Sheffield).—"When I left this place I'm telling you about on the Moors, there wasn't a girl in it." But, we presume, there were plenty when you first went there.

E. L. Rochford).—"Where is really hot music at its best?" Just out of earshot, in our opinion.

B. Y. (Box).—"When out hiking, I often wonder where some of our long country lanes lead to." Breach of promise cases, sometimes.

R. K. (Clapham).—"The doctor cured my first complaint and now I have another." You mean you've just received his bill?

G. T. (Guildford).—"Several of us were discussing American history to-day and somebody asked who was George Washington's mother. We were completely stumped. Who *was* George Washington's mother?" Mrs. Washington.

CLARENCE (Coulsdon). — "I'm very fond of my fiancée, but all she thinks about is men." Surely she thinks about you *sometimes*.

J. J. (Chichester).—"If we are to ensure our food supplies the country must get rid of its vermin. Are you in favour of shooting rabbits on golf courses?" No. We are one of them.

F. R. (Dunstable).—"She said her face was her fortune, but she certainly wasn't good-looking." Perhaps she meant she'd spent a fortune trying to improve it.

L. G. (Midlands).—"I have never seen such a place to live in. I have got rats in the shed, cats in the garden . . ." And bats in the belfry?

K. P. (Caine).—"Several people I am acquainted with keep coins for luck." Anyone who can keep coins for any length of time in these days is very lucky indeed.

D. B. (Bedford).—"My husband had a strange experience the other day. He went completely deaf for three hours." What were you saying to him at the time? Something about a new costume?

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES: — "Outside the London area they were operating in over 100 TONS."

NEWS OF THE WORLD: — "As cheese is the STABLE midday meal of most agricultural workers and miners, the Minister of Food has made a special concession to them."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● At seventeen, John Lagram joined up in the last war and was gassed. After being troubled for years with a cough, he developed pulmonary tuberculosis.

Despite treatment, he has been bedridden for nine months.

National Health Insurance benefit is exhausted.

His son of twenty is in the Navy and assists as much as he can, while a girl of fourteen gladly contributes her earnings of 12s. a week to help her parents and her two little brothers of six and eight years.

Donations should be earmarked "Jimmy" or for our General Fund, and sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

Your Chemist recommends—

CALVEX

SMART'S CARBOLIC **OINTMENT**

'YOUR FIRST AID'

A very effective remedy for burns, scalds, chilblains, chapped hands, chafed skin, piles, ulcers, and other skin ailments.

CALVEX OINTMENT

A CALVERT PRODUCT

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains **17 times more Vitamin B than ¼-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.**

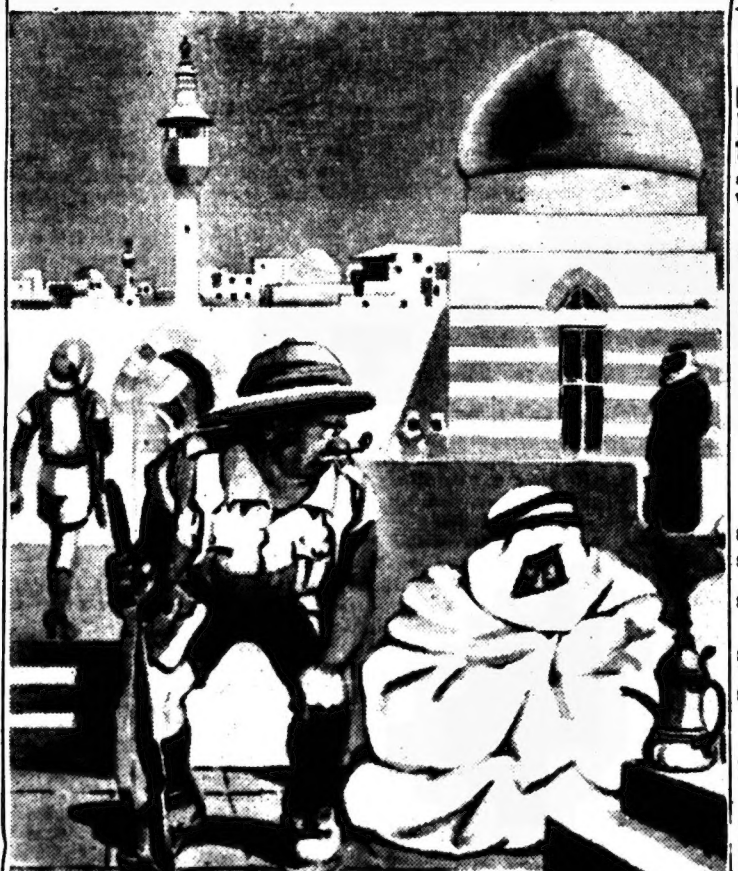
Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . . 1/5, 3/4½, 5/7½ (including Purchase Tax) Tablets

Ask for PHILLIPS—the GUARANTEED PURE 'LIVE' YEAST WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips
TONIC YEAST
is *LIFE ITSELF!*



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Blimey! You've bin lashin' about a bit with yer margarine coupons, 'aven't yer?"

CASH WINNERS

PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 WON IN "BULLETS" No. 1,280 and XWORD No. 232.

£50 FIRST PRIZE:—

W. Brydia, 174, Lower Rd., Belvedere, Kent.
Example: FREEDOM FOR THE PROFITEER
Bullet: DISGRACEFUL, AFTER HE'D "CONFESSED."

£20: H. Newcombe, 85, Seabourne Rd., Bournemouth.
Example: Why Hitler Will Lose
Bullet: Don't Explain—Be "Answer"!

£10: T. W. Brown, 10, North Avenue, Hordon, Co. Durham.
Example: Shows She's Inexperienced
Bullet: Then Marries The Boss!

£5: B. Lewis, Culver View, Alverstone, Sandown, I.O.W.
Way To Beat Hitlerism—"Theory" Problem—*Remove* "Gloves"!

£4: G. Garaldo, 11, Nowell Lane, Leeds.
Whilst We Sleep—"Smith's Pills" Work Wonders.

£3: A. G. Weeks, Yelford, Witney, Oxford.
Flash Of Criticism—Beer, Water—Dad's Plumbing!

£2: A. Cawley, 46, Cromfield Rd., Rye Park, Hoylake.
Shows She's Civilised—Now—Russia Can *Fight!*

20s.: C. Taylor, 14, Church Lane, Sleaford, Lincs.
Question—Or Murder In Tobacconist's?

20s.: A. R. Tennent, 71, Caledon Rd., Nottingham.
Whilst We Sleep—Incendiaries "Hitting The Hay"?

20s.: G. W. Rogers, Sy. P.O., R.N.A.S., Yeovilton, Yeovil.
Tommy Protests—Dad Rampant—Last Cigarette!

£7/10s.: A. Hunt, 12, Chalks Road, Whitehall, Bristol.
Question — "Stinking" In Distribution's "Hashing."

20s.: R. Bowden, Brookville, Beacon Hill, Camborne, Cornwall.
Gambling His Teeth—Father—*Butterfly's* Egg Finally!

A Set of 3 Winners of 20s., 20 Winners of 5s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 Won in Xword No. 232.

WINNING WORDS—1. Bank. 2. Hole. 3. Hits. 4. Alms. 5. Pips. 6. Shade. 7. Hard. 8. Mink. 9. Rat. 10. Globe. 11. Trek. 12. Loss. 13. Felt. 14. Sofa. 15. Rise.

Following four competitors submitted sets of Answers differing at one point only from most correct Set of Answers above:—Miss G. Andrade, 272, Highbury Grove, Cosham, Portsmouth; H. Blakeley, 11, Green End Rd., Manchester; Mrs. A. L. Carey, 12, Ethna Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Dublin; Mrs. T. E. Jones, 1, Bay Villas, Newtown, Mont.

Runners-up Awards value £50 shared between 30 entrants.

THIS WEEK'S OFFERS, with PRIZES value over £325, AWAIT YOU ON OPPOSITE PAGE

SAMARITAN Toilet Rolls

Should not cost you more than 5½d PER ROLL *Including Purchase Tax*

The present emergency quality is necessitated by the quality of raw materials made available by the Authorities.

ST. ANDREW MILLS LTD., London, E.7.

For Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED *The Wonder Tablet*

Take It—and Stop Limping!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of *Elasto*. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds heal, piles disappear, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. It is the natural result of the revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by *'Elasto,' the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Write NOW for a generous free sample of 'Elasto' and interesting Booklet explaining this new science of Natural Healing *and make the discovery of a lifetime.*

'ELASTO,' (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

'Elasto' is sold by Chemists everywhere.

FOR 2½D

STOP NEURALGIA

PAINS
ACHES
CHILLS
FEVERISH FEELINGS

There is no need to put up with that Pain . . . to drag through day after day feeling Exhausted and Tired Out! You can be Pain-Free, Alive, Alert — TO-DAY! *Beechams Powders* are what you need. *Beechams Powders* cost only 2½d. each—yet, owing to their special powder form, they are QUICKER-ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results. They quickly banish PAIN! *Beechams Powders* are also a splendid "pick-me-up" — try one when feeling exhausted and tired—you will speedily feel brighter and better.

Also A Wonderful Pick-me-up for the DEPRESSED EXHAUSTED FATIGUED

Carton of 8 Powders 1/5. (Including Purchase Tax.) Single Powders 2½d. each. A Beecham Product. *Sold Everywhere.*

BEECHAMS POWDERS

No more loose Dental Plates

'Dentesive,' newest dental discovery, holds upper or lower dentures firmly all day long. Eat *anything*, talk, laugh, cough, or sneeze—your dentures won't move. Food cannot get underneath your plates. 'Dentesive' forms a cushion between gums and plates, preventing soreness and irritation. Harmless, odourless, tasteless. Recommended by Dentists. Use 'Dentesive' and forget you have false teeth. Prices 7½d. and 1/3 at chemists, or if any difficulty, from Dentesive Ltd., 10-15 Chitty Street, London, W.1. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

Simple Recipe for Summer Colds

EASILY MADE UP AT HOME.

Summer Colds are hard to shift once they get a hold. Here's a medicine you can make up at home and keep always handy. A dose or two at the beginning will kill any cold before it has a chance to develop. Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength) which is made up of ten separate, concentrated medicaments. You may add a little sugar, syrup or juice from tinned fruit or jam if you have any to spare. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day, for children use a teaspoon. Parmint (Double Strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

-wants YOU and thousands more to help our sailors, soldiers and airmen in the fight for our freedom.

—won't wait! Still more guns, tanks, planes and ships go into action every day. And you can help make them.

—wants trained men and women. But YOU can be trained quickly at any Training Centre — and you'll be paid while you learn.

—is YOUR way to strike at Hitler. So enrol now at your local Employment Exchange. Any Post Office will tell you where to go.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE

Grand For Summer

FOOT TROUBLES

IF these long summer days make your feet ache, tire and swell, just give them a nightly rub with Zam-Buk Ointment.

The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk easily absorb into the skin. Thus pain, swelling, tenderness and tiredness are ended; blisters and sore toes are healed, and corns removed; root and all. Get a 7d., 1/5 or 3/5 box of Zam-Buk to-day.

Zam-Buk

ENDS PAIN, SORENESS & CORNS

PRIZES £325 MUST BE WON THIS WEEK

£200 & BULLETS | £50 | £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 | 30/- 29/- 28/- 27/- 26/- 25/-

USE any of these "EXAMPLES" TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

WHEN VICTORY DAWNS
MAN ON MUNITIONS
HITLER'S END
FATHER TIME
FLOGGING OURSELVES
THE POINT IS
IN RUSSIA
GREATER THAN EVER
HEAVEN HELP US IF
FATHER'S NEST-EGG

AWAY FROM THE HUBBUB
CHANGING
COATS OFF, EVERYBODY, AND
TO AVOID A ROW
NOT HAVING ANY
AFTER HE'S GONE
HER JOB
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE
AT TERRIFYING SPEED
AUNTIE'S GETTING
TOUGH, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Penalty Of.....
Gave Her A .....
He's Got.....So
In Time Of.....
Too Much To .....
Takes All Our.....

BULLETS 1,279 RESULT page 14

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

Plain paper entry equally eligible. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address.....

1,284 Closing Postmark TUES., AUG. 5.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With "Bullets" you may enclose Xwords —one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in rel-tion to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Award Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated August 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES VALUE £125 FOR THIS XWORD

ONE WEEK ONLY!

£100 1st PRIZE | RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 232, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No 236

	CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.							3d	3d	3d
1	Hair is usually this, by ladies' hairdresser			P	A		T	E	D		
2	Person who avoids looking at things soberly			T	O		E	R			
3	Material of which this is made may be inutile			T	H		N	G			
4	Water running away needlessly shows that here is one calling for attention	W	A	S			E	R			
5	Short-tempered and irritable person isn't likely to keep	C	O	O							
6	Having to face steep one may well add to cyclist's difficulties						I	L	L		
7	Officer of the old school type has no time for him	R	A	N			E	R			
8	It's not easy to get out of wood without this			P			T	H			
9	Single one may well give ship's painter immense amount of work	C	O	A			I	N	G		
10	Razor blades are sometimes sold by	B	A	R			E	R			
11	To rig out little one is pretty expensive			B			A	T			
12	Some plants will do this if deprived of sunshine	B	L	E			C	H			
13	This often determines size of possessions		W	A							
14	Good fairy in a story may have something to do with one			G			A	N	T		

PLAIN PAPER Send in entries on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible — same rate of entry-fee.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

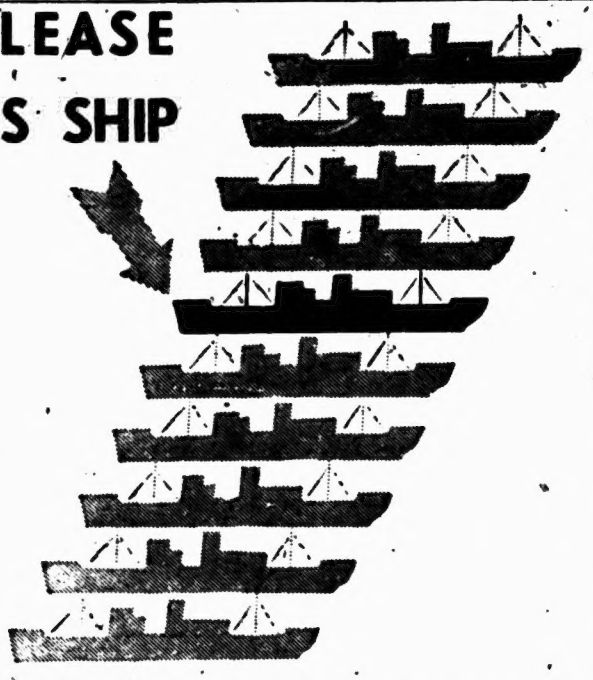
Address.....

Closing Postmark TUES., AUG. 5.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,284—or Xword No. 236, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

RELEASE THIS SHIP



It is one of a convoy of ten carrying wheat three thousand miles to England; ploughing a hazardous journey through dangerous seas.

Yet only nine need have carried wheat for your bread.

If everyone ate National Wheatmeal Bread the tenth ship could be released for other vital cargoes. Here is the reason.

National Wheatmeal Bread utilises 10% more of the wheat — in other words National Wheatmeal requires only nine-tenths of the *quantity of wheat* to produce the same *weight of bread* as white flour. This extra 10% includes most of the vital wheat germ with the valuable Vitamin B_1.

NATIONAL WHEATMEAL BREAD

saves shipping space

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

W.B.18

Smile all the while

Whatever the day brings we've got to keep smiling. So let's make our smiles worth while. Above all don't take chances with your teeth. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. What about the paste you are using now? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Keep the winning

Odol

Tooth-paste 7½, 1/3, 1/10½
Solid Dentifrice, 7½
Including Purchase Tax.

Smile!

Have a CAPSTAN

— they're blended better

It is now more than ever necessary to empty your pocket at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD. C.C.4019

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

"... she chases Messerschmitts!"

But she seems such a gentle little woman.

Just think of what she's done—she started our Savings Group and she's got the whole street saving as it's never saved before.

That's true. And she sets us all a good example by saving like a demon.

Her boy's a fighter pilot and she's all out to help him . . . she says every bit you save means so many more men and things set free to win the war.

We're lucky to have her—we'll back her up by putting everything we can into War Savings.

How much are *you* helping the R.A.F.? Every Shilling put into War Savings helps to end German bombing. *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Savings Bonds 1955-65, 2½% National War Bonds 1946-48, or 3% Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.* JOIN A SAVINGS GROUP AND MAKE OTHERS JOIN WITH YOU.

Issued by The National Savings Committees, London

SAFETY FIRST

The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

1/9

Cuticura OINTMENT

SORE TOES

NATURE'S WARNING THAT **CORNS are Coming**

DON'T WAIT until toes are sore from shoe pressure and friction. At first sign of soreness, protect tender spots with Dr. Scholl Zino-pads. Get instant relief. Keep free from Corns, Sore Toes, Blisters. Medicated Disks in packet, soften and loosen Corns for easy, painless removal. Sizes for Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns, 1/3 pkt.

D'Scholl Zino-pads

BACKACHE

Often due to harmful impurities left in the blood by sluggish kidneys

HEALTH slips away when the action of the kidneys slackens. Harmful acids and wastes retained in the blood cause sharp or nagging pains in the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness or rheumatic pains. You may suffer persistent headaches, attacks of giddiness, getting up at night, stiff inflamed muscles and joints, puffiness under the eyes. You probably feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will strengthen and invigorate the kidneys, enabling them to rid the system of the harmful impurities which are causing your pain and discomfort.

Ask for **DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8** (Incl. tax)

TIP

FOR SAFETY RAZOR USERS

LATHERING. Most shaving soaps contain an ingredient which softens the stubble. Give it time to work. Your razor blade will last longer if you lather for twice as long as you usually do.

KLEEN BLADES 1D

Plus one farthing Purchase Tax

Made from Sheffield's finest steel in a 40-hour-week factory.

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